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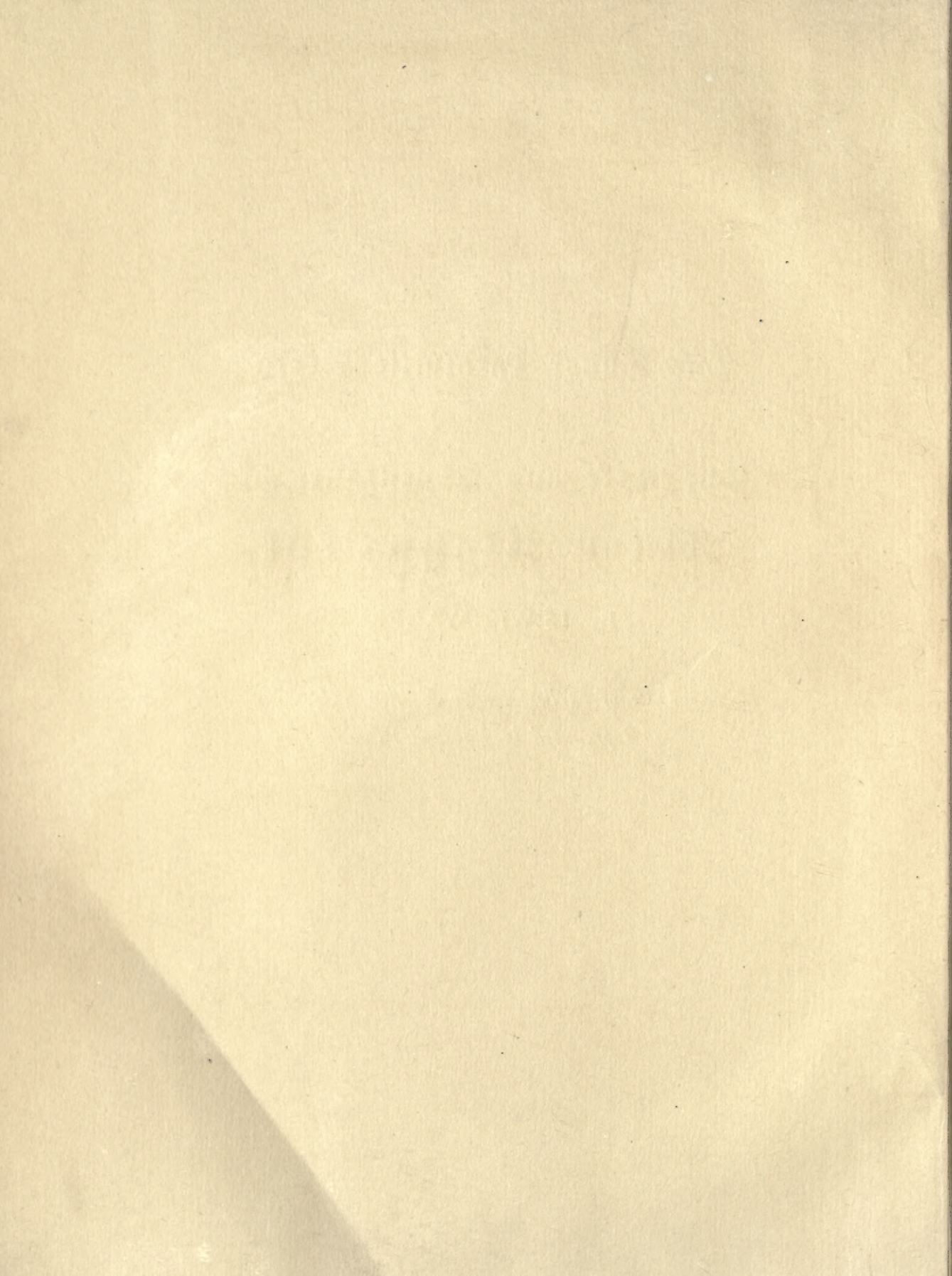
The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Life and Repentance of
Mary Magdalene

By LEWIS WAGER

Date of earliest known Edition, 1566

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 129]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene

By LEWIS WAGER

1567

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMVIII

95040
1/3/59

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1567a

The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene

By LEWIS WAGER

This facsimile of one of the latest of the old English morality-plays is from a copy of the black-letter edition of 1567 now in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, e. 36). Another edition identical with the present original, save in the date, appeared in 1566: the only known copy is now (1908) in the possession of Mr. W. A. White of New York.

The play has only once been reprinted in modern times, and never before in facsimile. It was included in "The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago [1904], issued in commemoration of the first ten years of the University's existence."

The British Museum possesses two copies of the later edition, which was probably but a reissue of the unsold copies of 1566 with the title-page redated, since the same errors of the press seem to occur in both impressions.

Of "the learned clarke," Lewis Wager, little is known beyond the fact that he became rector of St. James, Garlick-hithe, on March 28, 1560. He was probably, therefore, a

university man, though his name does not appear in the published lists of Oxford or Cambridge graduates.

The play was probably written about 1560, in the time of Edward VI.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, says that "it is excellently done: no matter how carefully one scrutinises the facsimile with the original copy there is very little indeed with which to find fault. The only instances of over-heavy printing are on D. iii. verso and F. iv. verso, and these are so slight as scarcely to merit mention."

JOHN S. FARMER.

A new Enterlude, neuer

before this tyme imprinted, entreating of the
Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene : not only
gobbie, learned and fruitefull, but also well furnished with plea-
saunt myrth and pastime, very delectable for those
which shall heare or reade the same.

Made by the learned clarke

Lewis Wager.

The names of the Players.

Infidelitie the Vice.

Marie Magdalene.

Pride of life.

Cupiditie.

Carnall Concupiscence.

Simon the Pharisse.

Malicious Judgement.

The Lawe.

Knowledge of sinne.

Christ Iesus.

Fayth.

Repentaunce.

Iustification.

Loue.

Foure may easely play this Enterlude.

Imprinted at London, by Iohn Charlevwood,
dwelling in Barbican, at the signe of the halfe Eagle
and the key, Anno. 1567.



The Prologue.

Nulla tam modesta felicitas est
Quæ malignantis dentes vitare possit.



O state of man, be it neuer so modest,
Neuer so vnrebukeable and blamelesse,
No person, be he neuer so good and honest,
Can escape at any season now harmelesse,
But the wicked teeth of suche as be shamelesse;
Are ready most maliciously him for to byte,
Like as Valerius in his fourth booke doth write.

We and other persons haue exercised
This comely and good facultie a long season,
Which of some haue bene spitefully despised,
Wherefore I thinke they can alleage no reason,
Where affect ruleth, there good iudgemēt is geason.
They neuer learned the verse of Horace doubtles,
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprehendes,

Thou shalt neither praise thyne owne industrie,
Nor yet the labour of other men reprehend,
The one proceedeth of a proude arrogancie,
And the other from enuie, which doth discommend,
All thyngs that vertuous persons doe intend.
For euill will neuer said well, they do say,
And worse tungs were neuer heard before this day.

I marvell why they should detract our facultie:
We haue ridden and gone many sundry waies,
Yea, we haue bled this feate at the vniuersitie,
Yet neither wise nor learned would it dispraise:
But it hath ben perceiued euere before our dayes.

A. ii.

That

The Prologue.

That foles loue nothing worſe thā foles to be called.
A horſe will kick if you touche where he is galled.

Doth not our facultie learnedly extoll vertue?
Doth it not teache, God to be praiſed about al thinge;
What facultie doth vice moze earnestly ſubdue?
Doth it not teache true obedience to the kyng?
What godly ſentences to the mynde doth it brynge?
I ſaie, there was neuer thyng inuented
Moze worth, for mans ſolace to be frequented.

Hypocrites that wold not haue their fautes reueled
I imagine ſlaunder our facultie to let,
ſaue wold they haue their wickednes ſtill concealed
Therefore maliciously againſt vs they be ſet,
O (ſay they) muche money they doe get.

Cruely I ſay, whether you geue halfpence or pence,
Your gayne ſhalbe double, befoze you depart hence.

Is wiſedom no moze worth than a peny trow you?
Scripture calleth the price therof incomparable.
Here may you learne godly Sapience now,
Which to body and ſoule ſhal be profitable.
To no perſon truly we couet to be chargeable,
For we ſhall thinke to haue ſufficient recompence,
If ye take in good worth our ſimple diligence.

In this matter whiche we are about to recite,
The ignozant may learne what is true beleue,
Whereof the Apoſtles of Chriſt do largely write,
Whoſe inſtructions here to you we wil geue,
Here an example of penance the heart to grieve,
May be lerned, a loue which from faith doth ſpring,
Authozitie of Scripture for the ſame we will bring.
Of the Goſpell we ſhall rehearſe a fructfull ſtory,
Written in the, biſ, of Luke with wordes playne.

The



The Prologue.

The storie of a woman that was right soꝝ
Foz that she had spent her life in sinne vile and baine,
By Chyistes preachyng she was conuerted agayn,
To be truly penitent by hir fructes she declared,
And to shew hir self a sinner she neuer spared.

Hir name was called Mary of Magdalene,
So named of the title of hir possession,
Out of hir Chyist reiected. vii. spirites vncleane,
As Mark and Luke make open profession.
Doctours of high learnyng, witte, and discretion,
Of hir diuers and many sentences doe wryte,
Whiche in this matter we intend now to recite.

Of the place aforesaid, with the circumstance,
Onely in this matter (God willing) we will treate.
Where we will shewe that great was hir repentance,
And that hir loue towards Chyist was also as great.
Hir sinne did not hir conscience so greuously create,
But that faith erected hir heart again to belene,
That God foz Chyists sake wold all hir sins forgeue.

We desire no man in this poynt to be offended,
In that vertues with vice we shall here introduce,
Foz in men and women they haue depended:
And therfoze figuratiuely to speake, it is the vse.
I trust that all wise men will accept our excuse.
Of the Preface foz this season here I make an ende,
In godly myzt to spend the tyme we doe intende.

The ende of the Preface.

An Enterlude of the Repentance
Here entrieth Infidelitie the vice.

Infidell,
lie.

Sith heigh down down and downe a down a,
Saluator mundi Domine, Kyrieleyson,
Ite Missa est, with pipe vp Alleluya.
Sed libera nos à malo, and so let vs be at one.
Then euery man brought in his owne dishe,
LORD God we had wonderfull good fare,
I warrant you there was plentie of fleshe and fishe,
So to, I bechew your heart and if you spare.
A gods name I was set vp at the hye deace,
Come vp syz, sayd every body vnto me:
Like an honest man I had the fyrst meace,
Glad was he that might my proper person see.
When we had dined, euery man to horsebacke,
And so vp vnto the mount of Caluarie,
I trow you neuer heard of suche a knacke,
Muche woe had some of vs to scape the pillozie.
But when we came to hye Ierusalem,
Who then but I maister Infidelitie?
Mary I was not so called among them,
No, I haue a name more nigher the veritie.
In Iurie, Moysaical Justice is my name,
I would haue them iustified by the lawe,
It is playne infidelitie to beleue the same,
What then? from the faith I doe them withdraw.
There is one come into the countrey of late,
Called Christ the sonne of God, the Jewes Messias
Of the kyngdome of God he begynneth to prate,
But he shall neuer bryng his purpose to passe,
No, I Infidelitie stick so much in the Jewes harts,
That his doctrine and wonders they wyl not beleue,
I war:



of Mary Magdalene.

I warant that the chiefe rulers in these partes,
Will deuise somewhat his body to mischeue.
Infidelitie, no beware of me Infidelitie,
Like as faith is the roote of all goodnesse,
So am I the head of all iniquitie,
The well and spyng of all wickednesse.
Mary syz, yet I conuey my matters cleane,
Like as I haue a visour of vertue,
So my impes, whiche vnto my person do leane,
The visour of honestie doth endue.
As these, Pride I vse to call cleanlyesse,
Enuie I colour with the face of prudence,
Wrathe putteth on the coate of manlynesse,
Couetise is profite in euery mans sentence.
Slouth or idlenesse I paint out with quiete,
Gluttonie or excesse I name honest chere,
Lechery vled for many mens diete,
I set on with the face of loue both farre and nere.
How saie you to Infidelitie once agayne:
Infidelitie all mens heartes doe occupie:
Infidelitie now aboue true faith doth remayne,
And shall do to the worldes ende, I thinke verily.
Yea, that same Messias doth many things,
Yet I will so occupy the rulers myndes,
Bothe of byshops, phariseys, elders and kyngs,
That fewe or none of them shall be his frendes.

Here entred Mary Magdalene, trispyng
with her garmentes.

I bethrew his heart naughtye folishe knaue,
The most bungarliest tailers in this countrie,
That be in the worlde I thinke, so God me saue,
Not a garment can they make for my degree.

Marye
Magda-
lene.

Have

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Haue you euer sene an ouerboddy thus sytte :
 Nowe a mischief on his dzonken knaues eare,
 The knaues dzynke till they haue lost theyz wyffe,
 And then they marre vitterly a bodie's geare.
 I had liefer than .xx. shillings by this light
 That I had him here now in my fume and heate,
 What, I am ashamed to come in any mans sight,
 Thinke you in the waste I am so great :
 Nay by gits twentie shillings I dare holde,
 That there is not a gentlewoman in this land,
 More ppopze than I in the waste I dare be bolde,
 They be my garmentes that so bungarly do stand,
 Beschew his heart once agayne with all my hart,
 Is this geare no better than to cast away :
 Let hym trust to it, I will make him to smart,
 For marryng of my geare he shall surely pay.

Inside,
 litle.

God forbyd mistresse Mary, & you so tender & yong,
 For marryng of your geare he is greatly to blame.

Mary.

What haue you to do, holde your bablyng tong,
 Haue you any thyng to doe with the same :

Inside,
 litle.

These vnhappy tallozs I trowe be acurst,
 Most comonly when they make gentlewomē's geare
 In the myddes they set the piece that is woost.
 Pea that is the fashion of them euery where.
 The woost piece is in the mydst of your garment,
 And it is pieced into it so vnheppily,
 That by my trouthe it is past amendement,
 Meddle with it, and you spyll it vitterly.

Mary.

Speake you in ernest, or I pray you do you mock :
 Trow you that my garment can not be amended :

Inside,
 litle.

Mocke I know that you come of a worshipful flock.
 He that mocketh you ought to be repchended,

Of



of Mary Magdalene.

Of taylers craft I tell you I haue some skill,
And if I shold medle with þ pece that is in the midst,
I shold make it woꝛse oꝛ at the least as yll:
Therfoze to let it alone as it is, I iudge it best,
Naught it is, and so you may weare it out,
Though it be new, it will be soone woꝛne.

It were almoste to hang suche a foolishhe loute, Mary.
All they that see me now, will laugh me to scoꝛne,
No gentlewoman is oꝛdeꝛed in this wyse,
My maydens on the other side are suche sluts,
That if I should not foꝛ myne owne clothes deuise,
Within a while they would not be woꝛth a couple of

Of my trouth it wer pitie in myne opinion (nuts Inside
lute.
But that your geare should be well trimmed,
Foꝛ you are well fauoured, and a pretie mynion,
Feate, cleane made, wel compact, and aptly lymmed.
In Ierusalem there is not I dare say,
A sweeter countenance, noꝛ a moze loupng face,
Freshe and flourishyng as the floures in May,
I haue not sene a gētlewoman of a moze goodly grace
Your parents I know, were very honozable,
Whiche haue left you woꝛshipfully to lye here,
And certainly I iudge it very commendable.
That with your owne you can make good chere.

I thanke you foꝛ your good woꝛde gentle friend, Mary.
And foꝛasmuch as you did know my parentes,
I can no lesse doe than loue you with all my mynd,
Redy to do you pleasure at your cōmandementes.

Verba puellarum folis leuiora caducis,

The promise of maidens, the Poet doth say,
Be as stable as a weake leafe in the wynde,
Like as a small blast bloweth a feather away,

*Inside
lute.*

An Enterlude of the Repentance

So a faire word truely chaungeth a maidens mynd,
 Forsothe I thanke you, O louyng woorme, good lord,
 Yea, I knew your fathers state and condition,
 The nobilitie of Iurie can beare me record,
 That he was a man of a woorthipfull disposition.
 This my mistress Marie, I had you in myne armes,
 Before you were. iii. yeares of age without doubt,
 I preserved you many tymes from soze harmes,
 Which in your childehode your enemies went about.
 A gentiewoman of noble byrth as I doe thinke
 Should haue seruants alwaies at her commaundemēt,
 You are able to geue to many both meate and drinke,
 Yea honest wages, and also necessary raiment.

May.

I perceiue right well that you owe me good will,
 Tending my woorthipfull state and dignitie:
 You see that I am pong and can little skill
 To prouide for myne owne honoz and brilitie.
 Wherefore I pray you in all thyngs counsell to haue,
 After what sort I may leade a pleasant life here,
 And looke what it pleaseth you of me to craue,
 I will geue it you gladly, as it shall appere.

Indee-
 little.

Say you so mistress May, wil you put me in trust
 In faith I will tell you, you can not trust a wiser,
 You shall liue pleasantly, euen at your hearts lust,
 If you make me your counseller and deuiser.
 Remember that you are pong and full of dalliance
 Lusty, couragious, fayre, beautifull and wise.
 I will haue you to attempt all kyndes of pastance,
 Wyllyng all pleasure at your owne heartes deuse.
 Do you thinke that it is not moze than madnesse,
 The lusty and pleasant life of a mans youth,
 Miserably to passe away in study and sadness,



It is extreme folly mistresse Mary for a truth,
Be ye mery, and put away all fantasies,
One thyng is this, you shal neuer be yonger in dede,
Your bodily pleasure I would haue you to exercise,
Sure you are of worldly substance neuer to nede.

Certainly my parents brought me vp in chyldehod, Mary.
In vertuous qualities, and godly literature,
And also they bestowed vpon me muche good
To haue me nourtred in noble ornaure,
But euermore they were vnto me very tender,
They would not suffer the wynde on me to blowe,
My requests they would alwayes to me render,
Wherby I knew y good will that to me they did owe.
At their departing, their goodes they distributed
Among vs their chyldezen, whom they did well loue,
But me as their dearlyng, they most reputed,
And gaue me the greatest part, as it old behoue.

Puellæ pestis, indulgentia parentum,
Of parentes the tender and carnall sufferance,
Is to yong maidens a very pestilence.
It is a prouocation and furtherance,
Vnto all lust and fleshy concupiscence.
O mistresse Mary, your parentes dyd see,
That you were beautifull and well fauoured:
They did right well as it semeth me,
That so worshipfully they haue you furthered.
As I vnderstand, you haue in your possession
The whole castel of Magdalene, with the purtenāce,
Which you may rule at your discretion,
And obtaine therby riches in abundance.
O what worldly pleasure can you want,
What commodities haue you of your owne?

*Indulgentia
parentum.*

An Enterlude of the Repentance

About Ierusalem is not suche a plant,
As to me and many other is well knowen,
It were decent I saye, to ble the fruition
Of suche richesse as is left you here,
You neuer heard in any erudition,
But that one with his own should make good chere.

Parv. By my trowth so would I, if I perfectly knew
Which way I should good chere making begyn,
A lusty disposition from me doth ensue:
But without counsell, I am not worth a pyn.

Inside:
line. Counsell: in you shall want no counsell in dede,
I know tohere a certayne company is,
Whiche can geue suche counsell in tyme of nede,
That you folowynge them can neuer speede amys.

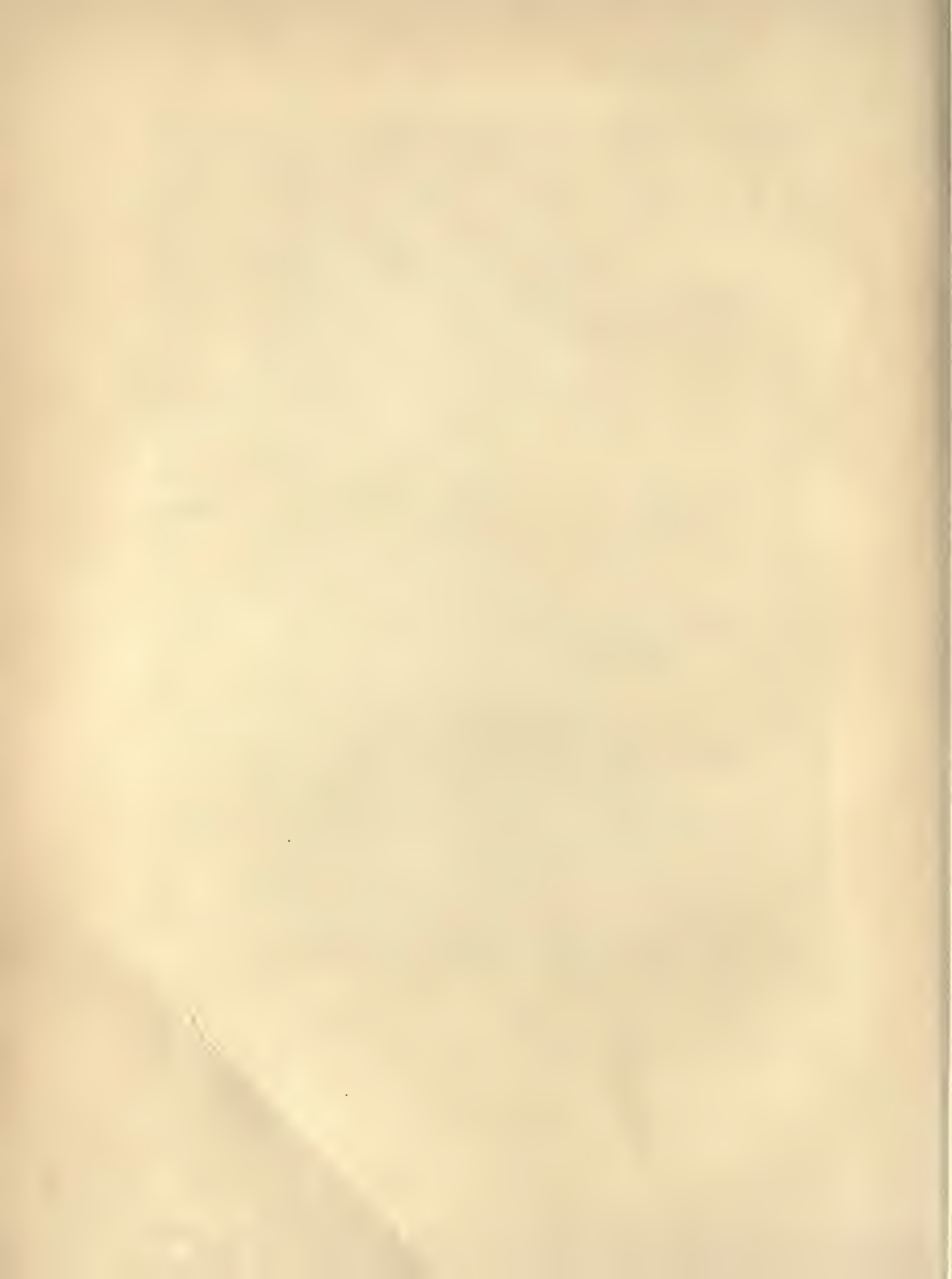
Parv. Nowe I pray you helpe me to that company,
And looke what I am able to do for your pleasure,
You shall haue it I promise you verily,
Pea, whether it be landes, golde, or treasure.

Inside:
line. The truth is so, they whom nowe I speake of,
Are persons of great honoz and nobilitie,
Felowes that loue neither to dally nor scoffe,
But at once will tell you the veritie.

Parv. Men of honour say you: tell me I you desire,
Can you cause them trowe you shortly to be here?
I wyl goe and prouide some other attire,
That accordyng to my byrthe I may appere.

Inside:
line. Byrthe faith of my body, you are well arayde,
I warrant you with these clothes they wil be content
They had liefer haue you naked, be not astrayde,
Then with your best holy day garment.

Parv. You are a mery man in dede, you are a wanton,
I will go and returne agayne by and by,



of Mary Magdalene.

As I am, I would with all my heart be known,
So that I might be pleasant to every mans eye.

I pray you heartily that I may be so bold
To haue a kisse or two befoze you doe depart,

Inside
lie.

Mary.

If a kisse were worth a hundred pound of gold,
You should haue it euen with my very heart. Exit.

I thanke you mistresse Mary by my maydenhood,
Lord what a pleasant kysse was this of you :

Inside
lie.

Take her with you, I warant you wil neuer be good
She is geuen to it, I make God auow.

And I trow I shall helpe to set her forward.

Shortly my offsprynge and I shall her so dresse,
That neither law nor prophets she shall regard,
No though the sonne of God to her them expresse.

Infideliue is my name, you know in dede,

Proppely I am called the Serpents sede,

Loke in whose heart my father Sathan doth me sow

There must all iniquitie and vice nedes growe,

The conscience where I dwell is a receptacle,

For all the diuels in hell to haue their habitacle,

You shall see, that Maries heart within short space,

For the diuell hym self shall be a dwellyng place,

I will so dresse her, that there shall not be a worse.

To her the diuell at pleasure shall haue his recourse.

I wil go and prepare for her such a company,

As shall poison her with all kyndes of villanie.

Here entreth Pride of lyfe, Cupiditie,
and Carnall Concupiscence.

Whether arte thou goyng nowe Infidelitie?

Pride.

Pride of A life now welcom, the spryng of iniquitie,

Inside
lie.

O pride of life, thou neuer blest to go alone,

Geue me your handes also I pray you one by one.

B. iii.

Wel-

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Welcome pride of life with my whole heart & mynde,
And thou art welcome Cupiditie myne owne friend:
What, mynkin carnall concupiscence,
Thou art welcome heartily by my conscience.

Pride. To see thee mery Infidelitie I am right glad.
Cupiditt When Infidelitie is in health, I can not be sad.
Carnall Infidelite: O Infidelitie, myne owne infidelitie,
concupis- I am glad to see thee mery now for a suretie,
cence. I maruell what thou dost in this place alone,
I thought that out of Iurie thou hadst ben gone.

Infide- Out of Iurie: no carnall lust to thee I may tell
litie. That with the chief princes now I do dwell:
The bishops, priestes and pharises do me so retayne,
That the true sense of the lawe they do disoayne,

Pride of In faith there is some knanery in mynde,
lyfe. That here by thy selfe alone we doe thee synde.

Cupiditt Infidelitie in our fathers cause is occupied,
As within a while it shall be verified.

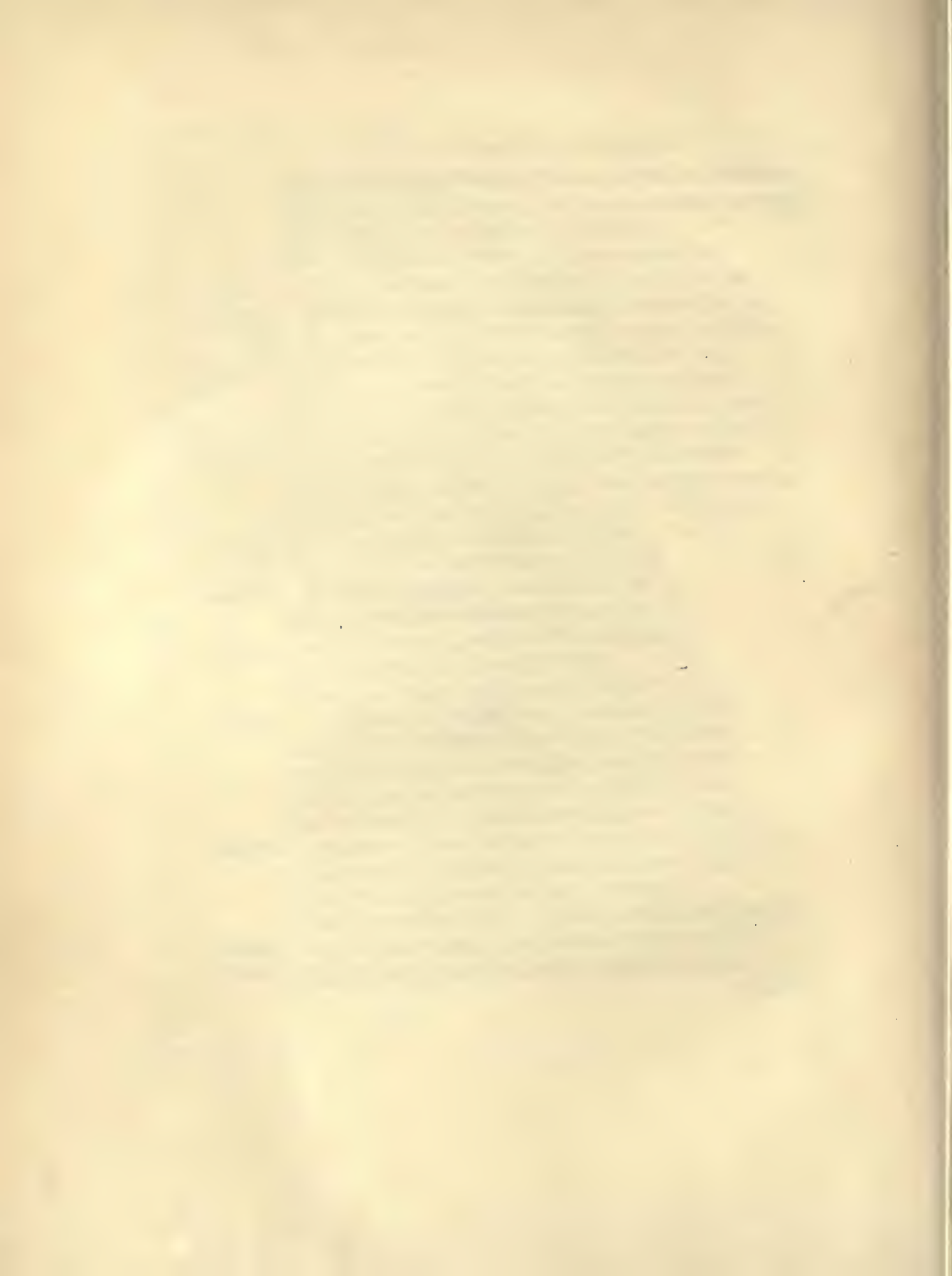
Infide- Am I: you would say so if ye knew all,
litie. I was goyng forth you to call,

Pride. Know you not a wenche called Mary Magdalene?
Do I know hir: she is a prety wenche and a cleane.
Since she had discretion hir haue I knowne,
Mary Magdalen: quod he: in dede she is myne own
It is as proude a litle gyze truely I thinke,
As ever men sawe in this world eate or drinke.

Cupiditt And somewhat to do with hir now and then I haue
I allure hir for hir owne profite alway to saue,
I haue dresed hir so well truely I beleue,
That alredy for Gods sake nothyng she will gene.

Carnall For my part in hir I haue kindled such a fyre,
concu. That she beginneth to burn in carnall desyre.

Cush



Tuthe, as yet you haue but hir mynde moued,
Whom she may forlake if she be reproued:

Inside:
lie.

But I would haue hir cleaue vnto you so fast,
That she shall not forlake you while her life doth last

Wise:

If thou be once rooted within the hart,
Then maist thou make an entrance by thy craft & art
So that we may come into hir at pleasure,

Fillyng hir with wickednesse beyond all measure,

In vs toure without faile be contained

As many vices as euer in this woorld raigned.

Now if we by thy meanes may in hir remain,

She shall be sure all kyndes of vices to contain.

Within my selfe you know that I contain a forl,
Whiche by name befoze you here I wil report.

Car. can

My name is carnall concupiscence oz desyre,

Which all the pleasures of the fleshe doth requyre.

First the fleshe to nourishe with drinke and meate

Without abstinence like a beast alway to eate,

To quaffe and drinke when there is no necessitie,

Joving in excesse, bealy chere, and ebzietie.

I containe in my selfe all kynd of lecherie,

Fornication, whozedom, and wicked adulterie,

Rape, incest, sacrilege, softnesse, and bestialitie,

Blindnesse of munde, with euery suche qualitie,

Inconstancie, headinesse, and inconsideration,

After the heartes poyson and filthy communication,

So then to the hate of God I do them byrnyng,

Causyng a loue in himself inordinatly to spryng.

These and suche like I containe in my person.

Thus you see that carnall lust goeth neuer alone,

Thou hast rebred an abhominable rable,

Inside:
lie.

Where thou dwellest, the deuyl may haue a stable.

With

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Cupiditie With thee I may boldly compare I trow,
For as many vices in me as in thee do grow.
You know that my name is called Cupiditie,
Whom Scripture calleth the roote of all iniquitie,
Infidelitie in dede is the seede of all syn,
But cupiditie openeth the gate, and letteth hym in;
I contayne theft, decrete in sellyng and bying,
Periurie, rapine, dissimulation, and lying.
Hardnesse of heart otherwise called inhumanitie,
Turbidnesse of mynde falshode and vanitie,
In me is all vengeance enuie rankor and pye.
Murder, warre, treason, and gredie desyre.

I contayne the wicked vices of vsurie,
Dice and card playing with all kind of iniurie,
What mischief was there ever yet of synne,
But that cupiditie dyd it first of all begynne.

Infinite. There can not be a more fylthy place in hell,
Than that is, where as cupiditie doth dwell.

Cupiditie Yea, there is impietie, the contempt of Gods laboe,
His worde is no more regarded than a bile strawe.

Pride of You contayne vices very wicked in dede,
lyfe. But how wicked is he, fro whom al syn doth procede;
The beginning of syn, which doth mā fro god deuide
Scripture calleth it nothyng els but pride.

For I my selfe not onely contayne you three,
But all vices in you, and that in every degree,
Pride despiseth God, and committeth idolatrie
To God and man Pride is a very aduersarie,
I am full of boasting, arrogancie, and vainglorie,
Enuious, and of all other mens wealth right sorie;
Pride causeth obstinacie, and disobedience,
Yea, it engendzeth idlenesse and negligence,

The



of Mary Magdalene.

The truth of Gods prophets throught tirants of pride
Hath euer vnto this day ben cast asyde :

The men of God pride hath spitefully reputed,
And with tirants alway the same persecuted.

Pride would neuer suffer any vertue to raigne,
But opprested it with great malice and disdainne.

In a short summe & fewe wordes you shall know all,
Pride caused Lucifer from heauen to hell to fall.

Yea pride lost mankynd, and did him so infect,
That God from his fauour dyd him away reiect,

Where as pride is, a token it is euident,

That all other vices be euen there resident.

Where as you and all your offsprynge doth dwell,
There is a place for all the diuels in hell :

Inside,
lie.

And playne it is, where as is suche fylthy sinne,

There euen in this world their hell doth begynne.

By such time as with vs Mary be furnished,

With the deuill him self she shall be replenished.

In our tragedie we may not vse our owne names, *Pride.*
For that would turne to al our rebukes and shames.

Pride with all thy abominable store,
At this tyme must be called Nobilitie and honoz.

Inside,
lie.

Very well, for these women that be vicious,
Are alwaies high mynded and ambitious.

Cupiditt

Neuer woman that could play a harlots part,
Was either humble, oz yet meke in hart,

Concu-
piscence.

Yea and the same loued alway cupiditie,

Inside,
lie.

Therfore thy name shall be called Utilitie.

For hym a better name you could not expresse,

Pride.

For yll disposed women are alway mercyleffe.

They are alwaies scraping, clawing, & gathering, *Car. con*
To maintaine their liues in wickednesse and synne. *cupiscence*

C. i.

Carnall

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Inside, Carnall concupiscence shalbe called pleasure,
litie. And that pzetie Marie loueth beyond all measure,
Wilde. Infidelitie may not be called infidelitie.
Inside, No, we will worke with a litle more austeritie,
litie. Infidelitie for diuers respectes hath names diuers,
 Of ihe which some of the to you I purpose to reherse
 With bishops, priests, scribes, seniozs and pharisees,
 And with as many as be of the Jewes degrees,
 I am called Legall Justice commonly:
 For why by the lawe them selues they do iustifie.
 It is playne Infidelitie so to beleue:
 Therfore there, suche a name to my selfe I do geue.
 I haue a garment corespondent to that name,
 By the which I walke among them without blame.
 With publicans and sinners of a carnall pzetence,
 I am somtime called counsell, and somtime Prudence,
 I cause them the wisdom of God to despise,
 And for the fleshe and the world wittily to deuise,
 Prudence before Marie my name I will call,
 Which to my suggestions will cause hir to fall:
 A vesture I haue here to this garment corespondent,
 No here it is, a gowne I trowe conuenient.
Wilde. For our honor I pray thee heartily doe it weare.
Inside, Mary did talke with me before in this geare,
litie. But bicause she shall the sooner to me apply,
put on a I will dresse me in these garments euen by and by.
gowne & How thynke you by me now in this aray?
a cap. Mary loueth them I tell you, that ble to go gay.
Cupditt Then hadst thou nede to mend thy folpsh coſtenace
 For thou lookeſt like one that hath lost his remembrance
Car. con With the one eye ouermuch thou bleſt to winke,
cupſcece That thou meaneſt ſom fraude therby thy wyl think
 He



He that loketh with one eie, & winketh with an other,
I would not trust (say they) if he were my brother.

Lyke obstinate friers I temper my looke, Inside:
little.
Which had one eie on a wench, and an other on a boke
Passion of God, behold, ponder commeth Marie,
See that in your tales none from other do varie.

It is a pretie wenche that it is in dede, Pride:
Much to intreate her, I thynke we shall not nede,
No, for I thinke she is yll inough of hir selfe, Cupidity
She seemeth to be a proude little elfe.

I pray you behold how she trimmeth her geare:
She would haue all well about her euery where. Car. con
cupiscere
Maides (quod she:) there is no gentlewoman I wene Mary.

So accumbred as I am, for such were neuer sene:
Fie on them, in good faith they are to badde,
They would make some gentlewoman stark madde,
Like as I put of my geare, so I do it fynde,
And I can not tel how oft I haue told the my mynd,
By the faith of my body if they do not amende,
To lay them on the bones surely I do intend,

Maxima quæquæ domus, seruis est plena superbis, Inside:
little.
Euery great house, as the Poet doth say,

Is full of naughtie seruantes both night and day.
You say truth sir in dede, what old acquaintances: Mary.
Now forsooth you were out of my remembrance:
You haue changed your aray since I was here,
I am glad to see you mery and of a good chere.

And I of yours mistresse Mary with hart & mynd Inside:
little.
It is a ioy to see a gentlewoman so louyng and kynd

Shall I be so bold to kisse you at our metyng:
What else: it is an honest maner of greetyng. Mary.
Pleaseth it you to byd these gentlemen welcome: Inside:

An Interlude of the Repentance

- Mary.** Yea forsooth, are they heartily all and some,
I will kysse you all for this gentlemans sake,
He is a friend of myne as I do hym take.
- Pride.** He is in dede, you may be sure mistresse Mary,
There is no man lypng can say the contrary.
- Cupiditt** He hath ben diligent to seke vs together,
And for your sake he hath caused vs to come hither.
- Car. con
cupiscēce** I dare say thus much, that he is your friende,
For he loueth you with his whole heart and mynde,
He hath ben diligent about your cause,
As it had bene his owne, and would neuer pause,
Till he had perfozmed his desired request.
- Mary.** Which I am able to say is very honest.
A gentle friend at so little acquaintance,
Will you looke so much vnto my furtherance?
It seemeth then if by me you had ben benefited,
You would haue my kyndnesse gently requited.
- Inside
lie.** *Quo magis regitur, magis aestuat ignis*
The more closely that you kepe fyre, no doubt
The more seruent it is when it breaketh out.
- Mary.** Wel friend, I know what you meane by that verbe
What I wil do for you at this tyme I wil not reherse
But in one thyng truly I am muche to blame,
That all this tyme I haue not inquired your name.
Swete mistresse Mary, I am called Prudence,
Or els Counsell, full of wisedome and science,
Here vnto you, honozable Honor I haue brought,
A person alway to be in your mynde and thought,
And this person is named Utilitie,
Very profitable for your commoditie,
Pleasure is the name of this Myinion,
Conuenient for you forsothe in myne opinion.



Prudence, Honor, Utilitie, and Pleasure,
 Oh who would desyre in this worlde more treasure,
 Gramercy heart of gold for your great payne,
 Truly of necessitie, I must kisse you once agayne.
 Will you for that is the thyng that haue I wold,
 Euery kisse to me is worth a crowne of golde.
 Leane kysynge, & treate we of matters more earnest.
 Let vs reason of thyngs concerning your request,
 Honor is my name, a qualitie for you requisite,
 Or rather of honor I am an appetite:
 On the which must be all your meditation,
 With the hearts courage and myndes elevation:
 I tell you this desyre must be euer next your hart.
 Nay hoa there, backe, you must stand apart,
 You loue me best I trow, my stresse Mary.
 For a hundred pound I would not say the contrary Mary.
 And in token Prudence that I loue you best,
 Here I ioyne you next vnto my heart and brest,
 If ye embrace one, you must all embrace,
 For our vse is to dwell all in one place.
 Cushe from our purpose alway we do digresse,
 Let euery one of vs his qualities expresse.
 Agreed, mistresse Mary heare you my counsell.
 First, all thought from your heart you must expell.
 Trouble not your selfe with any fantasies,
 Neuer attend you to the lawe nor prophesies.
 They were inuented to make fooles afraid,
 Heare them not, for they will make you dismayd,
 Gods tush, when was God to any man sene,
 I had not ben now aliue, if any God had bene.
 Homo homini Deus.
 Man, is God to man this matter is playne,

Mary.

Inside
litte.

Pride.

Inside
litte.

Mary.

Cupidity

Concu
piscence.

Inside
litte.

Pride.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

- And beleue you that none other God doth raigne.
Cupiditi Man is the begynnynge of his owne operation:
 Ergo then of none other gods creation,
 Man is his owne God therfore with vtilittle,
 Let hym labour here to lyue in felicitie.
Concupiscence: Of many ladies I am certaine you haue hard,
 Which the people as goddesses dyd regard:
 And why this was the cause truly in my iudgement,
 They had all pleasure here at theyr comāndement,
 So that they liued in ioy wealth and prosperitie,
 vsyng all pleasures for their owne commoditie.
Inside litle. To be a goddesse your selfe truly you must beleue,
 And yf you may be so, your mind therto you must geue
 All other gods beside your selfe you must despise,
 And set at nought their Scripture in any wise.
Wise. How say you M. Mary do we not gree all in one?
Inside. Surely M. Mary we will make you a Goddess
Wise. You please me exceedingly well verily, Canone.
Wise. Persons you are of great witte and policie,
 You must be proude, loftie, and of hye mynde:
Wise. Despise the poore, as wretches of an other kynde:
 Your countenance is not ladylike inough yet.
 I see well that we had nede to teache you more wit.
 Let your eies roll in your head, declaryng your proude,
 After this sort you must cast your eies aside.
Wise. How thinke you by this maner of countenance?
Wise. Conueniēt for such as be not of your acquaintance,
Cupiditi I doubt not but she will do right well hir part,
 By that tyme that all we be fast within hir hart,
Carnall Marke the garmentes of other in any wise,
concupiscence. And be you sure of one of the newest guise,
 Your haire me thynke is as yelow as any gold,
 Upon

[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly names and dates, arranged in columns.]

of Mary Magalene.

Upon your face layd about haue it I wold.
Sometime on your forehead, the breadth of an hand,
Sometime let your attire vpon your crowne stand,
That all your haire for the most part may be in sight,
To many a man a fayre haire is a great delight.

In sommer time now and then to kepe away flies, *Inside
little.*
Let some of that faire haire hang in your eies :

With a hotte nedle you shall learne it to crispe,
That it may curl together in maner like a wispe.

By my trouth you are a merrie gentleman, *Mary.*
I will follow your counsell as much as I can.

By your eares somtimes with pretie tushes & toyes *Prude.*
You shall folde your haire like Comboyes.

It becommeth a yong gentlewoman be ye sure,
And yong men vnto your loue it will allure.

If the colour of your haire beginneth for to fade, *Cupiditt*
A craft you must haue, that yellow it may be made,
With some Goldsmith you may your selfe acquaint,
Of who you may haue water your haire for to paint.

Besides Goldsmithes water, there is other geare, *Concu-
piscence.*
Very good also to colour agayne the heare,

Yea, if you were not beautifull of your bysage,

A painter could make you to apere wth a lusty courage

And though you were as aged as any creature,

A Painter on your face would set such an ornature,

That you should seeme yong and very faire,

And like one whose beautie doth neuer dispaire.

M. Mary, had you neuer y^e smal pox in your youth, *Inside
Prude.*
You are a mad fellow Prudence, of a truth.

I pray you M. Prudence, wherfore ask you that? *Marie.*

It is like that in you he hath spied somewhat. *Prude.*

Alas good gentlewoman, she blushes like coles. *Car. con*

In dede

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Inside: In dede about her nose there be little pretty holes,
lie. Therfore I thynk that she hath had the pockes,
Spary. I meane good faith without any gaudes oz mockes,
 If there be any fautes in my face verily,
 For money I trust shortly to haue remedy.
Prude. Mistresse Mary there is not a fayrer in this towne,
Infidell: Yea by saint Anne she is louely in coloz, but browne,
Car. con If she be not content with that natieue colour,
cupiscence A painter will set on one of moze honour,
Inside: I haue known painters that haue made old cronos
lie. To appeare as pleasant as little pretty pong Jones.
Prude. Let vs returne agayne to our oznamentes,
 I would haue you pleasant alway in your garments
 Upon your forehead you must weare a bon grace,
 Which like a penthouse may com farre ouer your face,
 And an other from your nose vnto your throte,
 Of beluet at the least, without spot oz moate,
 Your garments must be so woone alway,
 That your white pappes may be seene if you may.
Captiuiti If pong gentlemen may see your white skin,
 It will allure them to loue, and soone bying them in.
Concu Both damselfs and wiuers vse many such feates,
piscence: I know them that will lay out their faire teates,
 Purposely men to allure vnto their loue,
 For it is a thyng that doth the heart greatly moue,
 A such sight of woomen I haue known men in dede
 That with talking & beholding their noses will blede.
 Through great corage moued by such goodly sights,
 Labouring the matter further with al their myghts.
Spary: Your wordes do not ouerly prouoke my desire,
Infidell: But in pleasure they set my heart on fyre,
 Sometime for your pleasure you may weare a pall,
 But



But aboue all thyngs gyrd your self in the waste,
Upon your ouer body you may nothyng els weare,
But an vnlined garment without any other geare.
Let your body be pent, and togither strained,
As hard as may be, though therby you be pained.

Use will make the thyng easy there is no doubt, Wise.
Pea pardie, gentlewomen vse it now all about. Cupiditt
Your nether garmets must go by gymmes & ioynts Inside.
Aboue your buttocks thei must be tied on w points. lie.
Som ewomen a doublet of fyne linnen vse to weare
Unto the which they tye theyz other nether geare,
With boiers & houpes your garments must be made,
Pleasure your mynion shall shew you in what trade.

In the waist I wil haue ye as small as a wand. Concu-
Ye so smal, that a man may span you with his hand. piscence.
It skilleth not though in the buttocks you be great Infidelt.
No for there she is like many tymes to be beate. Car.com
Well wantons well, are ye not ashamed :

Well wantons well, are ye not ashamed : Parte.
In dede mistresse, they are woorthy to be blamed. Wise.
You must reioyce in your richesse and good,
And set muche by your kynrede and noble blood :
Boast of them, and tohen of them you do talke,
Of their comendatiōs let your tong euermore walk.
Daily thus, my lord my father, oz mi lady my mother
My lorde my vncl, and my maister my brother.

I promise you I come of a stocke right honozable, Mary.
Therfore my talk of them can not be to comendable.

It is a stock (they say) right honozable and good, Inside.
That hath neither these nor whoze in their blood. lie.

No more words : how say you M. here by pleasure :

Forsoth swete heart, I loue him beyond al measure. Mary.
Body of god, for this al this while haue I wrought : Infidelt.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

By your smirking loke of times on him so I thought
What do you loue hym better than you loue me :

Mary. Which of you I should loue best truly I can not se:
Inside. This is a true prouerbe, and no fained fable,
little. few womens words, be honest, constant, and stable.
Concu. Truly M. Mary if ye loue me, ther is nothing lost,
piscere. Loue they say, ieopardeth all, and spareth for no cost,

Voluptas autem est sola quæ nos vocet ad se,

Et aliciat suapte natura,

Pleasure sayth one man, of his owne nature,

Allecteth to hym euery humayn creature :

Now what person soeuer doth pleasure hate,

As a beast is to be abiected both early and late.

Let me haue a worde or two in your eare.

How say you by that, like you not that prettie geart :

Mary. Ha, ha, ha, you are a fond body pleasurable verily.

Inside. Doth he not moue you to matrimonie :

little.

Take hede that he bzyng you not to suche dotage,

For many incommodities truely be in mariage.

Cupido. *Imper habent lites, alterq; iurgia lectus,*

In quo nupta iacet minimum dormitur in illo,

The hedde toherin lieth any married wife,

Is neuer without chidyng, bzaulyng, and strife,

That woman shall neuer sleape in quiete,

Which is married contrary to hir diete.

Poet. Of all bondage truely this is the ground,

A gentlewoman to one husband to be bound.

Car. con. Tushe mistresse Mary, be ye not in subiection,

Better it is to be at your owne election.

What thyng in this world excelleth libertie :

Neither gold nor treasure for a suretie,

Take you now one, and then an other hardely,

Such



Such as for the tyme will to you louyngly apply.

That will be a meane truly to lese my good name. Pary.
And so among the people I shal suffer blame. Covon

Ye shal not kepe my counsel, if ye can not kepe your Insidia
Can you not make good chere, but it must be knowne. litie.

As touching that, I will be to you suche a meane, Concu
As shal teache you alwaies to conuey the matter cleue piscence.

Take you none but gentlemen with beluet coates, Pride.
It is to be thought, that they ar not without groates

In any wise see that your louers be yong and gay, Cupiditi
And suche fellows as be well able to pay.

May truly if I should attempt any such geare, Pary.
I would take where I loued alway here and there.

Spoken like a worthy swete gyrl by the masse, Concu
I warant all this geare will well come to passe. piscence.

You must euer haue a tongue well fyled to flatter, Insidia
Let your garmentes be spzinkled with rose water. litie.

Use your ciuet, pommander, muske, which be to sell,

That the odor of you a myle of, a man may smell,

With swete oyntments such as you can appoynt,

Use you euer moze your propre body to anoynt.

With fine meats & pure wines do your body nozish Concu
That will cause you in all pleasure to florische: piscence.

And when one for your mynde you can espye,

Use a smylpng countenance and a wanton eye:

Upon all suche as ye mynd not, looke you aloft, Pride.
To them that be not of your diet be you not soft.

Ha, ha, ha, laugh now I pray God I dye if euer I Pary.

Such pleasant companions as you all be. Covise,

You speake of many thynges here of pleasure,

Which to vse truly requireth muche treasure.

If you can wisely occupie this pretie geare,

Car.com

D.ii.

I will

An Enterlude or the Repentance

I will warrant you to get an hundred pound a yeare.
Hold by the market, and let them pay for the ware,
Be ever catchyng and takyng, doe you not spare,
I may vse dalliance and pastyme a while,
But the courage of youth will soone be in exile.
I remember yet since I was a little foole,
That I learned verses when I went to schoole,
Which be these :

*Forma bona fragilis est, quantum accedit ad annos,
 Fit minor, & spacio carpitur illa suo,
 Nec semper viola, nec semper lilia florant,
 Et riget amissa spina relicta rosa:*

The pleasure of youth is a thyng right frayle,
And is yearely lesse, so that at length it doth faile,
The sweete violets and lylies flourish not alway :
The rose soone dzyeth, and lasteth not a day.
I see in other women by very experience,
That the tyme of youth hath no long permanence.
In good faith when ye ar come to be an old maude,
Then it will be best for you to play the baude.
In our countrey there be suche olde mother bees,
Which are glad to cloke baudy for their fees.
This is the order, such as wer harlots in their youth
May vse to be baudes evermoze for a truth.
When the courage of them is altogether past,
In age they vse to get their luyng with such a cast.
Suche, your friends hane left you honest possessions,
Which you may imploy after suche discretions,
That a worshipfull state you may maintayne,
Besides that, with the other feate you may gayne.
Oppresse your tenants, take fines, and raise rentes,
Hold by your houses and lands with their contents.

Bye



Bye by great measure, and sell by small measure,
This is a way to amplifie your treasure:

Sell your ware for double more than it is worth,
Though it be starke nought, yet put it forth.

A thousand castes to enriche you I can tell,
If you be content to vse alway my counsell.

Yes by the faith of my body, els I were not wise, Mary:
For my profite is your counsell and deuise.

How say you mistresse Mary, tell vs your mynde, Inside:
To embrace vs & loue vs can you in your heart fynde? little.

Truly hart rote I loue you all, .iiii. with al my hart, Mary:
Trusting that none of vs from other shall depart.

In token wherof, I embrace you in myne armes,
Trusting that you will defend me from all harmes.

Will we? yea we will see so for your prosperitie, Wylde:
That you shall lyue in ioy and felicitie.

I will see that you shall haue good in abundance, Cupiditt
To maintaine you in all pleasure and dalliance.

And new kyndes of pastyme I will inuent, Concu:
With the which I trust ye shal be content. piscere:

Mistresse Mary can you not play on y^e virginals? Infidell.
Yes swete heart that I can, and also on the regals, Mary.

There is no instrument but that handle I can,
I thynke as well as any gentlewoman.

If that you can play bpon the recozder, Inside:
I haue as fayre a one as any is in this border. little.

Truely you haue not sene a more goodlie pipe,
It is so bigge that your hand can it not gripe.

Will you be so good as to play vs a daunce? Wylde:
And we wil do you as great pleasure it may chaunce.

Alas we haue no suche instrument here, Mary:
I knowe where you may haue all suche geare. Car. con

An Interlude of the Repentance

No instrumentes noz pastime that you can requere,
But I can byng you vnto it at your desire.

Cupiditt Will you take the payne to go before thither:
And mistresse Mary and we will come together.

Infidell. How say you mistresse Mary, are you content:
Mary. Looke what you will do, I will therto assent,

Prude. I thinke it best that we.iii. depart hence,
And let mistresse Mary com thither with Prudence,

Infidell. Be it so, then you and I will come alone,
I trust that by the way we will make one,
Pray M. Mary we must haue a song of.iiii. partes
At your departyng to reioyce our mery hartes.

Cupiditt The treble you shall maister Pleasure syng
So freshly that for ioy your heart shall spzyng.
Utilitie can syng the base full cleane,
And Noble Honor shall syng the meane.

Infidell. Mistresse Mary will you helpe to syng a part:
Mary. Yea sweete heart with you with all my hart.
In faith we will haue a song of your name.

Infidell. Come syng, helpe I pray you to syng the same.

The song Hey dery, dery, with a lusty dery,
Hoigh mistresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Your prettie person we may compare to Laïs,
A mozell for princes and noble kynges,
In beautie you excell the fayre lady Thais,
You exceede the beautifull Helene in all thyngs,
To behold your face who can be wearye?

Hoigh mistresse Mary, I pray you be merle.
The haire of your head shyneth as the pure gold,
Your eyes as gray as glasse and right amiable,
Your smylng countenance so louely to behold,
To vs all is mosse pleasant and delectable,



of Mary Magdalene.

Of your commendations who can be wearie?

Hussa mylresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Your lips as ruddy as the redde Rose,

Your teeth as white as euer was the whales bone,

So cleane, so swete, so sayre, so good, so frethe, so gay,

In all furie truely at this day there is none.

With a lusty voyce syng we Hey dery dery.

Hussa mylresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Suche pleasant cōpanions I haue not sene befoze, Mary.

Now I pray you let vs dwell together euermore,

To your heart we are so fast conglutinate,

Pride.

That from thence we shall neuer be separate.

Pet from your syght at this tyme we will depart,

Cupbitt

Assurynge you to remayn styll in our hart.

We thre will go befoze some thyng to prepare,

Car. con

That shalbe to your commoditie and welfare.

cupiscēce

Fare you well my heartes ioy, pleasure, and blisse.

Mary.

It is good maner at our departing to kisse.

Excunt

All thre

I must kisse to, if I tary styll.

Indide.

You shall haue kisses inough, euen when you will.

Mary.

Gramercy in dede myne owne good louyng Iugge

Indide

It doth me good in myne armes you to hugge,

littie.

How say you now by these mynions?

I say as you say in dede they are mynions,

Mary.

And suche persons as long tyme I haue desired,

I thanke you, that for me you haue them inquired.

You must thinke on the counsell that they did geue,

Indide

They will perfozme their sayinges you shall beleue.

littie.

I am not obliuious I warant you my freinde,

For I haue prynced all their wordes in my mynde,

Mary.

I haue determined by them to direct my life,

So that no man shalbe able to set vs at strife.

Will

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Inside:
lilie. Will you resort with me vnto Ierusalem:
There we shall be sure in a place to fynde them.
A banket they haue prepared for you I dare say,
Suche a one as hath not ben sene befoze this day.
Mary. Alas why do they suche great cost on me bestow:
Inside:
lilie. Truly bicause you their good hearts should know,
There is nothyng lost that is done for such a friende,
I wis mistresse Mary, I wold you knewe al my mind.
Mary. Gentle Prudence if you haue any thyng to say,
Breake your mynd boldly to me as you go by y way.
Inside:
lilie. Will you come: you had nede to go but softly,
Take hede, for the way is foule and slipperie:
If neuer so litle backward you chaunce to slippe,
Up into your saddle forsooth I am redy to skippe.
Mary. Go wanton, get you forth with sorow,
We shal be at Ierusalem I think to morow. Exeunt.

Here entreth Symon the Pharisee,
and Malicious Judgement.

Simon^s
pharisee. I thought surely y here we shold haue found him,
It was shewed me that he was here about in dede.
Malicio^s
iudgement. The last weeke he was at the Citie of Naim,
And from thens I wote not whether he did procede.
Simon. He did a maruellous act there, as we heard say,
For the which the people do him greatly praise:
Maruels he worketh almost every day.
At Naim a dead chylde agayne he did rayse.
Malicio^s
iudge. All things he doth by the power of the great deuyll,
And that you may see by his conuersation,
He kepeth company with suche as be euyll,
And with them he hath his habitation:
A frende of sinners, and a dzyrker of wyne,
Neuer conuersant with suche as be honest.

Against



Against the law he teacheth a doctrine,
 All holy Religion he doth detest,
 The reuerend bishops and you the pharisees,
 He calleth hypocrites, and doth you reuile,
 So he doth the doctours and scribes of all degrees,
 Beside that, the Saboth also he doth defile,
 He bleth as great blasphemie as euer was,
 The sonne of the lyving God he doth hymself call,
 He saith, that he is the very same Messias,
 Prophecied befoze of the Prophets all.
 I promise you right worshipfull Simon,
 Your temple, lawe, and people shal be made captiue,
 If in this sort he be suffred alone,
 And you shall lose all your prerogatiue.

We the fathers of the clergie diuers seasons, Simon
 About hym haue consulted together,
 To destroy hym we haue alleaged reasons,
 But many thyngs therein we do consider.
 His doctrine is maruellous this is true,
 And his workes are more maruellous doubtlesse,
 If as yet we should chaunce hym to pursue,
 Muche inconuenience might chaunce and distresse,
 The people do hym for a great Prophete take,
 He doth so muche good among them that be sicke,
 That they wote not what on hym to make,
 For he healeth bothe the madde and the lunatike.

We thinke verily, that it doth you behoue, Malicio
tudge.
 Which are men of learning and intelligence,
 His doctrine and miracles wisely to proue,
 And whence he had them to haue experience.

By my faith I will tell you what was my pretence, Simon!
 To haue blouded him to dyner this day I thought,

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Where we would haue examined his science,
And by what power suche wonders he wrought.
But if I can not haue hym in my house this day,
I will appoynt an other day for the same cause.
Then will we appoint for hym some other way
If we fynd hym contrary to our lawes.

Malicio^s iudge. Ne credas temponi, trust not the tyme he doth say;
I feare that you will permitte hym to long :

There is ever peryll in muche delay,
Neuer suffre you to raigne ought that is wrong.
Simon. Well, seying that at this tyme he doth not appere,

I will retorne hence as fast as I may,
Take you the payne a while to tary here
To see if he chance at any tyme to come this way.
Or if you here where he is resident,
Let vs haue worde as fast as euer you can.

Malicio^s iudge. As concernyng your request I will be diligent,
To doe you pleasure euermore I am your man.
It shall cost me a fall I promise hym truely.
Except I bryng hym shortly to an ende.
Watche for hym will I, in all places duely,
I will know what the marchant doth intende.
A beggerly wretch, that hath not of his owne,
One house or cabyn wherein he may rest his heade :
His parents for poore laboring folke ar wel known,
And haue not y^e things which shold stand the in stede
No man knoweth where he lerned & went to schoole,
And yet he taketh vpon hym to teache men doctrine.
But within a while he will proue him selfe a foole,
And come to vtter destruction and ruine.
As he able, thynke you, to withstande,
So many bishops, priestes, and pharisses,

Grease



Great learned men, and senioꝝ of the lande,
With other people that be of their affinites:
His folp by his pzesumption he doth declare,
A while we are content that he doth raigne.
But I trust to make him wearie of his welfare,
If I may see hym in this countrey agayne.

Ha, ha, ha, laugh quod he: laugh I must in dede, *Inside,
litie.*

I neuer savor a bolder harlot in my life,
To prompt hir forwarde we shall not nede,
No poynt of synne but that in hir is rife.

Infeliktie: what a diuell doest thou here:
I had not knowen thee but by thy voyce.

*Malicio^s
iugemet*

Malicious indgement I pray thee what there,
To see thee mery at my heart I doe reioyce.

*Inside,
litie.*

What a diuell meanest thou by this geare:
This garment is not of the wonted fashon.

*Malicio^s
iudge.
litie.*

For euery day I haue a garment to weare,
Accordyng to my worke and operation,

Inside

Among the Pharisees, I haue a Pharisees gown,
Among publicans and synners an other I vse,

I am best I tell thee now, both in cite and towne,
And chiefly among the people of the Jewes.

This is the cause: their Messias, who Christ they cal
Is come into the world, sinners to forgeue.

Now my labour is both with great and small,
That none of them do hym nor his wordes beleue.

The bishops & pharisees I make y more hard harted
The synnes of them that are disposed to synne,

I augment, so that they can not be conuerted,
So that hard it will be any grace to wyne.

Among them Malicious indgement is not my name *Malicio^s
iudge:*

The true intellection of the law they doe me call,

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Carnally I cause them to vnderstand the same,
 And accordyng to their owne malice to iudge all.
 Inside, Thou knowest that among the I am Justice legal
 little. for by the dedes of the law they will be iustified,
 So that the doctrine of the Messias euangelicall,
 Shalbe despised, and he therfore crucified.
 Malicioſe The reuerend father Simon the Pharisee,
 iugemēt To haue spoken with him, even now was here:
 Under the pretence of frendship and amitie,
 He would bid him to diner, and make him good chere,
 Not for any good will that to hym he doth owe,
 But to proue his fashion, learnyng, and power.
 Good will quod he: No, no that I do know.
 Inside, For yf they durst, he should die within this houre.
 little. But let this passe, I will tell thee what I haue done,
 Knowest thou not a wenche called Mary Magdalene
 Malicioſe Yes mary, I dyd see her yesterday at noone,
 iudge. A pretie wenche she is in deede and a cleane.
 Inside, I haue brough her now into suche a case,
 little. That she is past the feare of God and shame of man,
 She worketh pryvely in euery place,
 yea and prouoketh other therto now and than,
 I would thou dydst see hir disposition,
 Thou hast not sene hir like I think in thy dayes.
 Malicioſe If she haue tasted of thy erudition,
 iudge. I doubt not but she knoweth all wicked ways,
 To se her fashion I would bestowe my forty pence,
 But at this tyme I can no longer tary here,
 About my busynesse I must depart hence,
 Seekyng for the same Christ both farre and nere.
 Inside, Very little I hope for his commoditie.
 To doe hym any good dost thou intende:

Thou



of Mary Magdalene.

Thou knowest my mynde right well Infidelitie,
What neede we any moze tyme to spende:
farewell, thou wilt come to dinner to day,
Maister Symon will haue him if it be possible. Exit.

Malicio
iudge:

Thou knowest that I dwell with such men alway, Infide-
litie.

For in his heart I am euen now inuisible.
Well remembred, yet I must prouide a garment
Agaynst that I come to my master Symon,
About the which the preceptes of the testament
Must be wzitten in order one by one.

Nowe will I returne to my minion againe
I may not from hir be away absent.

If hir companie I should a litle refraine,
I knowe well that she would not be content.

Hozelson, I bestrowe your heart, are you here?
I may doe what I will for you.

Mary:

Huffa mistresse Mary, are you so neare?
I thought otherwise I make God auowe.

Infide-
litie.

I pray you let me haue a worde in your eare,
I promise you he is a mynion felowe.

By my faith I thought that you had ben there,
For I sawe when you dyd hym folow.

By my faith Iudge you haue a false eye,
A body can neuer so secretely worke,

Mary:

But that theyr dalliance you will espie,

I trowe for the nones you lye in corners and lurke.

But sirra, how say you to hym in the flaxen beard?

That is a knaue that hozelson, wote you what he did?

In my life was I neuer worse afrayde,

When I came to bed, I found him there hid,

Out alas, quod I, here is some yll spirite,

A swete sauour of muske and ciuet I smelt,

E.iii,

Come

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Come and lye with me Mary quod he, this night,
Then I knew who it was, when his beard I felt.

Inside:
Iste.

I beczew your hearts, whoze & thefe wer agreed
You knew the spirit wel inough befoze you cam there
I am sure, that so honestly he had you feed,
That the reward dyd put away the feare.

Mary.

Good lord, who is this that yonder doth come?
What meane the tables that be in his hand?

Inside:
Iste.

Come asyde a little, and geue hym rounge,
And what he is anone we shall vnderstand.

The
Lawe.

The Lawe of God at this tyme I do represent,
Written with the synger of God in tables of stone,
Wherby the people might know their lord omnipotēt
And how that he is the Lord God alone.

A petullar people to him selfe he had elected,
Comming of the stocke of faithfull Abraham,
Whom by the lawe he would haue directed,
After that out of Egypt from Pharaos they came,
In me as in a glasse it doth plainly appere,
What God of his people doth require,
What the peoples duetie is, they may see here,
Which they owe vnto God in paine of hell fyre.
In me is declared the same iustice,
Whiche vnto God is acceptable,
Mans synne is here shewed, and proude enterpryse,
Wherby he is conuicted to paines perdurable,
It was necessary and it dyd behoue,
Considering mans pride and temeritie,
Whiche was dronke and blynde in his owne loue,
To make a lawe to shewe his imbecillitie,
Except the lawe had rebuked his vanitie,
So much he would haue trusted in his own strength

And



And beleued, that thzough þ power of his humanitie,
He might haue obtained saluation at length.

Wherfoze as I sayd to a glasse compared I may be,

Wherin clerely as in the sunne lycht,

The weakenesse and sinne of him self he may se,

Yea and his owne damnation as it is ryght.

Foz the curse of God foloweth synne alway,

And damnation foloweth malediction :

By this it appereth as cleare as the day,

That my office is to fylle the mynde with affliction,

I am a ministracion of death woꝝkyng yze,

I shewe Gods request, and mans vnabilitie,

I condemne hym foz synne vnto eternall fyre,

I fynde not one iust of mans fragilltie.

O Wꝛudence, heare you not what the labo doth say, Mary.

Excedingly it pricketh my conscience,

I may crye out alas nowe and welaway,

Foz I am damned by Gods owne sentence.

Prick of conscience, quod she: it pricketh you not so soze Inside.

As the yong man with the flaxen beard dyd I thinke litie.

What a diuell about him here do you poare.

If euer I see any suchz, I pray God I synke.

The moze you loke on him, þ woꝝse like him you shal.

Come away, come away from him foz very shame.

And in dede will you be gaspyng on him styll :

If you repent not this, let me suffer blame.

O frend Wꝛudence, doe you see yonder glasse: Mary.

I will tell what therein I doe see :

I can not speake foz sorowe, now out alas,

All men foz synne by Gods sentence damned be.

The spirite of God speaketh by kyng Salomon,

That no man on earth lyueth without synne.

David.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Dauid saith there is none good, no not one,
No not a child that this day doth his life begynne.
Nowe synne I see requireth eternall damnation,
If a childe be damned that is but a day olde,
Alas, where then shall be my habitation?
Whiche hath done moze synnes than can be tolde.

The Ye a woman, God doth not onely prohibite the dede,
Lawe. But he forbiddeth the lust and concupiscence,
 Therefore thy heart hath great occasion to blede,
 For many lustes and dedes hath defiled thy conscience.

Inside, Body of God, are you so madde him to beleue:
lute. These thyngs are wrytten to make folkes astrayde,
 Will ye to him or to me credence geue:
 Or to your friends, by whom you wer neuer dismayde:
 And I put case that the wordes nowe were trewe,
 He speaketh of men, but no women at all,
 Women haue no soules, this saying is not newe,
 Men shall be damned, and not women which do fall.

the Lawe By this terme man, truely in holy Scripture,
 Is vnder take both man, woman, and child in dede,
 Ye a as many of both kyndes as be of mans nature,
 Whiche procede of Adam the first parents sede.

Enter By the Lawe commeth the knowledg of synne,
know, Whiche knowledg truely here I represent,
ledge of Whiche create and byte the conscience within,
sinne. Causyng the same euermoze to lament.
 I am euermoze befoze the conscience sight,
 Shetopyng befoze hym his condemnation,
 So that by the dedes of the lawe, or by his owne might
 He can not attaine vnto saluation.

Inside, Lo Mary, haue ye not sponne a fayze threde:
lute. Here is a pocky kinaue, and an yll fauoured,

The



The deuill is not so euill fauoured I thinke in dede.
Corrupt, rotten, stinkyng, and yll fauoured.

It is not possible truly to declare here, Know-
ledge of
synne.
The horrible, lothsome, and stinkyng vilitie,
Which befoze the eyes of God doth appere,
Committed by this wretched womans iniquitie.

Now too be to the time that euer I was bozne, Mary.
I see that I am but a damned deuill in hell,
I know that there with diuels I shall be tozne,
And punished with moze pains than my tong can tell
O blessed Lawe shew me some remedy,
The Prophete calleth thee immaculate and pure,
Thou of thy selfe in many places doest testifie,
That the keepers of thee are alway safe and sure.

He that obserueth all thyngs wrytten in me, the Lawe
Shall liue in them, as Moyses doth expresse:
But neuer man yet in this world I dyd see,
Which dyd not the contentes in me transgresse.

It is beyond all mans possibilitie,
To obserue any commaundement in me required,
Therby appeareth his weaknesse and fragilitie,
Hapned thzough sinne, that against God he cōspired.

The power of the lawe is mans synne to declare, Know-
ledge of
synne.
And to shew his damnation for the same,
But to giue saluation for the soules welfare,

The lawe doth no suche promise any tyme proclame, Mary.
If there be no moze comfort in the lawe than this,
I wishe that the lawe had neuer ben made:

In God I see is small mercy and Justice,
To entangle men, and snarle them in such a trade.

I can you thanke for that Mary in dede: Insides
littie.
Well spoken, an vniust God do you esteeme,

A.i.

Euen

Even from the heart that sentence dyd procede,
 Feare not, their buriust God do you blaspheme:
 You see no remedy but vtter damnation.
 Folowe my counsell, and put care away,
 Take here your pleasure and consolation,
 And make you mery in this worlde while you may.
 Of one hell I would not haue you twayne to make:
 Be sure of a heauen while you dwell here,
 Refresh your self, and al pleasure doe you take,
 Plucke vp a lusty heart, and be of a good chere.

Mary.

O this knowledg of synne is so in my syght,
 That if I should dye truely I can not be mery.

Inside,
 litle.

We will ridde the knaue hence anon by this light.
 Or else of his life I will soone make him wearie.

the Law

O synner, from thy heart put that infidelitie,
 Which hath drowned thee already in the pit of hell,
 Trust thou in Gods might and possibilitie,
 Wherof neither angell no; man is able to tell.

Know-
 ledge of
 synne.

That thing in dede, whiche to man is impossible,
 Is a small thyng for God to bypug to passe,
 This mercy to all senses is comprehensible,
 Which he will declare by his holy Messias.

the Law

That thing which I ca not do thzough my infirmity
 God is able by his son to perform in tyme appointed,
 All my contentes be shadowes of his maiestie,
 Whom now in this tyme God hath anoynted.

Know-
 ledge of
 synne.

That Messias alone onely shall the law fulfill,
 And his fulfilling shall be in suche acceptation,
 That God for his sake shall pardon mankyndes yll,
 Acceptyng his offeryng for a full contentation.

the Law

That Messias is the stone spoken of before,
 Which of vayne builders should be refused,

yet



Yet he shall be the corner stone of honour,
Which in the building of gods temple shall be used.

And all that trust in hym with true beleue,
That he is very God and man, into this world sent,
God will all their synnes for his sake forgene,
So that they can be contrite and repent.

Know-
ledge of
Sinne.

I neuer beleued yet vnto this day,
That God was able of nothyng all things to make,
And as well I beleue also that he may,
Forgene, and mercy vpon synners take,
But sayng that he hath made a Determination,
By a law that none shall be saued good or badde,
Then he that would looke for any saluation,
Truly I take hym ten tymes for worse, than madde.

Mary:

He that will not the keepers of the law saue,
Which obserue diligently his commaundementes,
Much lesse truly on them mercy he will haue,
Which haue condemned all his words & iudgements.

Insider
lute

Wel Mary, I haue condemned thee vnto hell fyre, the Law
Yet not so condemned thee, but if thou canst beleue
In that Messias, which for thee doth enquire,
There is no doubt but thy synnes he will forgoe,
Thy soze is knowne, receiue thy salue and medicine,
I haue the sicke to the leache, geue good eare,
Hearken diligently vnto his good discipline,
And he will heale thee, doe nothyng feare.

Exit.

Let me sele your poules mistresse Mary be you sick
By my trouth in as good tēpre as any woman can be
Your paines are full of bloud, lusty and quicke,
In better taking truly I did you neuer see.

Insider
lute

The body is whole, but sick is the conscience,
Which neither the law nor man is able to heale,

Know-
ledge of

J.ii.

It is synne.

It is the wozth of God receyued with penitence;
Like as the boke of wisdom doth plainly reuzaie.

Justice. Conscience: how doth thy conscience litle Malle
Was thy conscience sicked, alas little foole:
Hoozelen fooles, set not a pynne by them all,
Wise inough in dede, to folowe their foolishe schoole,
You bottell nosed knaue, get you out of place,
Auoyde stinkyng hoozelen, a poyson take thee,
Hence, oz by God I will lay thee on the face,
Take hede that hereafter I doo you not see.

Know- Though I appere not to hir carnall syght,
ledge of yet by the meanes that she knoweth the lawe,
synne. I shall trouble hir always both day and night,
And vpon hir conscience continually gnawe.

Justice. What there: nowe is here but we twayne alone,
litt. Be mery mistresse Mary, and away the mare,
A murreyn go with them, now they be gone,
Plucke by your stomacke, and put away all care,

Mary. O maister Prudence, my heart is soze vexed,
The knowledge of synne is befoze me alway:
In my conscience I am so greuouly perplexed,
That I wote not what to doe truly noz say.

Here entreteth Christ Iesus.

Justice. Benedicite, arte thou come with a vengeance:
litt. What wilt thou do: Mary, doe you loue me:
My wordes print well in your remembzaunce,
To yonder felowes saying doe you neuer gree,

Christ Into this worlde God hath sent his owne,
Iesus. Not to iudge the world, oz to take vengeance,
But to preache forgeuenesse and pardon,
Through true faith in hym, and perfect repentance,
The sonne of man is come to seke and saue,

Such



Suche persons as perishe and go astraye,
 God hath promised them lyfe eternally to haue,
 If they repent, and turne from theyr euill way,
 The kyngdom of heauen is at hand, therfore repent,
 Amende your lyues, and the Gospell beleue,
 The sonne of God into this world is sent,
 To haue mercy on men, and theyr synnes to forgiue.

O here is the Messias, of whom we haue harde, Mary.
 What say you? Prudence is not this same he?

A Mary, do you my wordes no more regard, Infidel-
 you haue a waneryng witte now well I doe see, litle.
 Is not this a lyke person, the sonne of God to be,
 And the Messias whiche the world should saue?
 He is a false harlot you may beleue me,
 Whome you shall see one day handled like a knaue.
 If the lawe of God published by Moyses,
 Be not able to bypnyng men to saluation,
 Muche lesse suche a wretched man doubtlesse,
 Can do ought for your soules consolation.
 Tush take one heauen in this present world here,
 You remember what befoze to you I haue sayd:
 Pluck vp your heart wenche, and be of good chere,
 Neuer regard his wordes, tush, be not afrayd.

The lawe hath set my synnes befoze my syght, Mary.
 That I can not be mery, but am in despaire:
 I knowe that God is a Iudge, equall and right,
 And that his lawe is true, pure, cleane and fayre.
 By this lawe am I condemned alreedy to hell.
 The wordes he hath spoken must be fulfilled:
 Of myrth and ioy it is but foly to tell,
 For I perceiue that both body and soule be spilled.

Like as the father raiseth the dead agayne, Chast.

And vnto life both them mercifully restore:
 So the sonne quickeneth the dead it is playne,
 And geueth them a life to liue euermore,
 Verily verily I say, he that heareth my voyce,
 And beleueth on him that hath me sent,
 Shall haue euerlastyng life therein to reioyce,
 And shall not come into damnable torment.
 But the same passe from death vnto lyfe,
 Repent, and trust in Gods mercy for my sake.
 With the synnes of the worlde be at debate and strife,
 And vnto grace my heauenly father will you take.
 All they whom the law condemneth for synne,
 By faith in me, I saue and iustifie,
 I am come sinners by repentance to winne,
 Like as the Prophet befoze did prophetic.

Christe
 speaketh
 to Mary.

Thou woman, with mercy I do thee pzeuent,
 If thou canst in the Sonne of God beleue,
 And for thy former lyfe be sorry and repent,
 All thy synnes and offences I doe forgeue.

Infidel-
 litye.

Who is the sonne of God sir, of whom do ye talke?
 Which hath this power wherof you do boast,
 It is best for you out of this countrey to walke,
 And neuer more be seene after in this coast.
 The sonne of God quod he: This is a pride in dede,
 Crowest thou that the father can suffer this?
 They come of Abrahams stocke and holy sede,
 And thou saiest that they beleue all amisse.

Christ.

Auoide out of this woman thou Infidelittie,
 With the. vii. diuels which haue hir possessed,
 I banish you hence by the power of my diuinitie,
 For to saluation I haue hir dzessed.

Infidelittie runneth away. Mary falleth flat doloure.



Cry all thus without the dooze, and roare terribly.

O Iesus the Sonne of God euer liuing,
Why comest thou before the tyme vs to torment?
In no person for thee we can haue any abiding,
Out vpon thee the sonne of God omnipotent.

Diuels.

Arise woman, and thanke the father of heauen,
Which with his mercy hath thee preuented,
By his power I haue reiected from the spirits seuen,
Which with vnbelief haue thy soule tormented.

Christ.

Blessed be thy name O father celestiall,
Honor and glozy be giuen to thee world without end,
O Lord, dost thou regard thus a womā terrestriall?
To thee what tong is able worthy thanks to repende
O what a synfull wretche Lord haue I bene?
Haue mercy on me Lord, for thy names sake,
So greuous a sinner before this day was neuer sene
Vouchsafe therfore compassion on me to take.

Mary.

Canst thou beleue in God, the maker of all thing,
And in his onely sonne, whom he hath sent?

Iesus
Christ.

I beleue in one God, Lord and heauenly kyng,
And in thee his onely sonne with hearty intent.
Good Lord I confesse that thou art omnipotent,
Helpe my slender beliefe and infirmitie:

Mary.

My faith Lord is waueryng and insufficient,
Strēgth it I pray the with the power of thy maiesty.

No man can come to me, that is, in me beleue,
Except my father draw hym by his spirite.
Behold faith and Repentance to thee here I geue,
With all other vertues to thy health requisite.

Christ.
Faith &
repētāce
entireth.

Note well the power of Gods omnipotencie:
That soule which of late was a place of deuils,
He hath made a place for him self by his clemencie,
Purgeng from thence the multitude of euils.

Faith.

The

Repentance.

The mercy of Christ thought it not sufficient,
To forgive his synnes, and devils to purge,
But giveth his grace to be penitent,
That is, his soule ever after this day to scourge.
The vertue of Repentance I do represent,
Which is a true turnyng of the whole lyfe and state,
Unto the will of the lord God omnipotent,
Sorrowing for the synnes past with displeasure & hate,
That is to say, all the inward thoughts of the hart
And all the imaginations of the mynde,
Which were occupied evill by Satrans arte,
Must hence forth be turned after an other kynde.
David my father on his synnes did alway thinke,
Howe horrible they were in God almighties sight,
Teares were his sustenance, yea both meat & drinke,
His hole meditation was in heaven both day & night
So that Repentance is described in Scripture,
To be a returnyng from syn with all the soule & hart,
And all the life tyme in repentynge to endure,
Declaring the same with the senses in every part.
As thus, like as the eyes have ben baynly spent
Upon worldly and carnall delectations,
So henceforth to wepyng and teares must be bent,
And wholly given to godly contemplations.
Likewise as the eares have ben open alway
To here the blasphemynge of Gods holy name,
And fylthy talkyng evermore night and day,
Nowe they must be turned away from the same,
And glad to heare the Gospel of saluation,
Howe God hath mercy on them that doe call,
And howe he is full of pittie and miseration:
Raisyng up suche agayne as by synne dyd fall,

The



The tong which blasphemie hath spoken,
 yea and filthily, to the hurt of soule and body :
 Wherby the precepts of God haue ben broken,
 Must hence forth praise God for his mercy daily.
 Thus like as all the members in tymes past,
 Haue ben seruantes of vnrighteousnesse and synne,
 Now Repentance doth that seruice away cast,
 And to mortifie all his lustes doth begynne.
 True repentance neuer turneth backe agayn :
 For he y laieth his had on the plough, & loketh away,
 Is not apt in the kingdom of heauen to raigne,
 Nor to be saued with my saintes at the last day.

O Lorde without thy grace I do here confesse,
 That I am able to do nothyng at all,
 Where it pleaseth thee my miserie to redresse,
 Strength me now that hence forth I do not fall.
 Graunt me Lord suche a perfect repentance,
 And that I looke no moze back, but go forward still,
 Put my miserie euermoze into my remembrance,
 That I may forthinke my life that hath ben so yll.

The holy vertue of Faith I do represent,
 Joynd continually with repentance :
 For where as the person for synne is penitent,
 There I ascertain him of helth and deliuerance.
 Wherfoze I am a certaine and sure confidence,
 That God is mercifull for Christ Iesus sake :
 And where as is a turnyng oz penitence,
 To mercy he will the penitent take :
 Faith therfoze is the gyft of God most excellent,
 For it is a sure knowledg and cognition
 Of the good will of God omnipotent,
 Grounded in the word of Chyistes erudition,

G.i.

This

An Enterlude of the Repentance

This faith is founded on Gods promission,
And most clerely to the mynde of man reuealed,
So that of Gods will he hath an intuition,
Which by the holy ghost to his heart is sealed.

Repentance. This faith with the woꝝd hath such propinquitie,
That propꝛely the one is not without the other,
Faith must be tried with the woꝝd of veritie,
As the chyld is by the father and mother.

Iesus Christ. Pea truly, if this faith do from Gods woꝝd decline,
It is no faith, but a certayn incredulitie,
Which causeth the mynd to wāder in strange doctrine
And so to fall at length into impietie.

Faith. The woꝝd to a glasse compare we may,
For as it were therin, faith God doth behold,
Whom as in a cloude we loke vpon alway,
As hereafter moze plainly it shal be told.

Paꝛty. My heart doth beleue, and my mouth doth publiſh,
That my lord Iesus is the sonne of God eternall,
I beleue that my soule shall neuer perysh,
But raigne with him in his kyngdom supernall.

Repentance. The operation of faith is not to enquire
What God is as touchyng his propꝛe nature,
But how good he is to vs to know faith doth desyre,
Which thing appereth in his holy Scripture.

Faith. It is not inough to beleue that God is true only,
Which can neuer lie, noꝝ decreaue, noꝝ do yll:
But true faith is perswaded firmly and truely,
That in his woꝝd he hath declared his will.
And also what soeuer in that woꝝd is spoken,
Faith beleueth it as the most certaine veritie,
Which by his spirit he doth vouchsafe to open
To all such as seke hym with all humilitie,

Christ



of Mary Magdalene.

Christ the sonne of God here hath promised,
Forgiuenesse of synnes to you syster Mary,
Of his owne mercie this to do he hath deuised,
And not of your merites, thus you see plainly.
If in this promise you be certain and without doubt,
Beleuing that the word of his mouth spoken
He is able, and also will do and byng about,
Then that you haue faith it is a token.

Repentance.

O Iesu, graunt me this true faith and beleue,
Lord I see in my self as yet imperfection:
Vouchsafe to me thy heauenly grace to geue,
That it may be my gouernance and direction.

Mary.

Mary my grace shall be for thee sufficient,
Goe thy way forth with faith and repentance,
To heare the Gospell of health be thou diligent,
And the wordes therof beare in thy remembrance.

Christ.

Though in person we shall no moze appeare,
Yet inuisibly in your heart we will remayne.

Faith.

The grace of God shal be with you both far & nere,
Wherby from all wickednesse I shall you detaine.

Repentance.

Honor, praise, and glozy to the father eternall,

Mary.

Thanks to the sonne, very god and very man,

Blessed be the holy gost, with them both coequall,

One god, which hath saued me this day from Sathā

Excunt.

I thank thee O father, O lord of heuē, earth, & of al

Christ

That thou hast hidden these things from the sapient,

And hast reuealed them to the lile ones and small,

Yea so it pleased thee O father omnipotent.

All things of my father are committed vnto me,

And who the sonne is, none but the father doth knowe

No mā but the sonne knoweth who y father shold be,

And he to whom the sonne wil reueale and showe.

G. ii,

Come

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Come vnto me all you that with laboz are oppzessed,
And are heauy laden, and I will you comfort,
Dispaire not for that you haue transgressed,
But for merry do you boldly to me resort.
My yoke vpon your neckes do you gladly take,
And learn of me, for I am lowe and meke in hart,
And you shal fynd rest for your soules neuer to slake,
My yoke and burden is light in euery part.
I came not into the world, the righteous to call,
But the synfull persons vnto repentance:
The whoale haue no nede of the physition at all,
But the sicke haue nede of deliuerance.
Verily I say vnto you, that the angels,
Haue more ioy in one synner that doth repent,
Than in many righteous persons else,
Which are no sinners in their iudgement.

Here entreteth Symon the Pharise, and malicious
Iudgement, Symon biddeth Chyist to dymner.

Symon. God speede you syz heartily, and well to fare,
I reioyce much that I chaunce you here to fynde,
In good soth I was soz, and toke muche care
That I had no tyme to declare to you my mynde.
We know that you do much good in the countrey here
Wherfore the liuyng God is glozified:
You heale the sicke persons both farre and nere,
Like as it hath ben credibly testified.

Chyist. My father euen vnto this tyme worketh truely,
And I work accordyng to his commandement & will,
The sonne can do nothyng of hym selfe duely,
But that he seeth the father doynge alway still.
Whatsoever the Father doth, the sonne doth the same,
For the father doth the sonne entierly loue,

And



of Mary Magdalene.

And sheweth him al things to the praise of his name,
And shal shew him greter woꝝks thã these as you shal
Lo sir, what nede you haue moze testimonie (proue **Mattias**
you heare that he doth him self the sonne of God call, **iudge.**
Doth not the law condemne that blasphemie :

Commaunding such to be slaine great and small:

Foꝝ a season it behoueth vs to haue patience, **Symon.**

I shewed you the reason wherfoze of late :

At this season I pray you do your diligence,

And semble rather to loue hym than to hate.

Shall it please you syꝛ, this day to take payne

With me at my house to take some repast,

You shal be welcome doublesse I tell you playne,

No great puruiance foꝝ you I entend to make.

My meate is to doe his will that hath me sent. **Christ.**

But syꝛ I thanke you of your great curtesy,

To come to you I shall be very well content,

So that you will appoynt the houre stedily.

All things be in maner ready I thinke verily, **Symon.**

In the meane season in my gardein we will walke.

Take the paines to go with me, I pray you heartily,

Till dinner be ready, of matters we will talke.

With a good will I will waite vpon you, **Christ**

Pleaseth it you to go befoze, you know the way.

Sirra, you see how that we are appointed now,

Make all thyngs ready without delay. **Symon.**

Sir I will go about as fast as I may,

In good fayth I would that I might haue my will: **Mattias**

I would prepare foꝝ hym a galowes this day, **iudge.**

Vpon the whiche I desyre his bloud to spill.

A vengeance take hym thefe, is he gone :

From Mary Magdalene he did me chace :

**Indee
little.**

From

An Enterlude of the Repentance

From Symon the Pharisee he will dzine me anon,
So that no where I shal be able to shew my face.

Malicio^s Judge. Nay, we are so surely fixed in the Pharisees mynde,
That his blasphemous words can not dzine vs thence
Womens heartes turne oft as doth the wynde,
And agayne of the law they know not the sence,
In malice I haue made them all so blynde,
That they iudge nothyng in Christ aryght:
To the letter of the law so fast I do them bynde,
That of the spirite they haue no manner of light.

Inside^r little. I will tell thee Malicious Iudgement,
His wordes be of suche strength and great power,
That the diuell hym self and all his rablement,
He is able to expell, and bitterly to deuoure.

Malicio^s Judge. Cushe hyde thy self in a Pharisees gowne,
Suche a one as is bordered with the comaundemēt's
And then thou maist dwel both in citie and in towne,
Beyng well accepted in all mens iudgements.

Inside^r little. As for a gowne, I haue one conuenient,
And so here is a cappe agreing to the same.

Malicio^s Judge. As thou saiest, that geare is very ancient,
I warant thee now to escape all blame,
Marry of one thyng thou must take good hede,
As nere as thou canst let him not behold thy face,
Doubt thou not, but he shall haue his mede,
If I remayne with the Jewes any space.

Inside^r little. And as for the reuerend byshop Caphas,
With all the Aldermen of Jerusalem,
Will helpe to byng that matter to passe,
For I am like for ever to dwell with them.

Malicio^s Iugemēt. The same Christ dineth with Simon to day,
Who commanded to prepare the table in all hast,
Helpe



of Mary Magdalene.

Helpe to make all ready, and the cloth to lay,
For surely here he purposeth to take his repast.

By God he shall haue soure cause it may hap,
Do thy parte, and surely I purpose to watche,
It shall be hard, but we will take hym in a trap.
He shall fynde hym here that will hym matche.

Inside
little.

Go and fetch trenchers, spoones, salt and bread,
See whether the cookes be ready also I pray thee.
They will come to dynner I dare lay my head,
Before that all things prepared well shall be.

Malicio?
iudge.

A straw, all this geare wyll quickly be doone,
The cookes be ready also I am sure.

Inside
little.

Let me see, byz lady it is almost noone,
I maruell that they can so long fastyng endure.

Ponder they come, turne thy face out of sight,
Thou must make curtesy downe to the ground.

Malicio?
iudge.

I would he were hanged by God and by this light,
For neuer before this day was I thus bound.

Inside
little.

Sit now are you welcome, I pray you come nere,
Fetch in meate syz, I pray you quickly.

Simon.

I promise you I byd you for no good chere,
But such as it is, you ar welcome hartily.

Pleaseth it you to washe syz, here is water,
Let not yonder beggerly felow wash with you.

Inside
little.

Can you not a while dissemble the matter?
It is no tyme to talke of suche geare now.

Simon.

Will you sit sir, byzng hither a cushion and a stoole.
Set it down I say there, there at the tables ende.

Here is a busynesse with a beggerly foole.

Inside
bell.

It greueth me the tyme about him to spende.

Go to, you are welcome hitherto my maister Simon
Thinke your self at home in your owne place.

I thanke

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Ch:ia. I thanke you sir, I will syt downe even anone,
But first we will prayse God, and say our grace.
Blessed art thou heauenly father, which of thy mercy
Hast made man to thyne owne image and similitude
Which thzough Sathans wicked malice and enuie
Was spoiled of thy grace and of ghostly fortitude,
But at this tyme of thy mercy appointed,
Thou hast looked on man, of thy compassion,
And sent thyne owne sonne with thy spirit anoynted,
Which foz his synne shall make satisfaction,
Let all creatures praise thee foz their creation,
Glozy to thy name foz their preservation,
Laude and honour to thee foz their restauration,
All thanks to thee foz eternall saluation,

Simon. I pray you sitte downe, I pray you heartily,
You are welcom, I pray you eate such as is here,
Go to, I would not haue you to make any curtesy,
I am sozry that foz you I haue no better chere,

**Inside,
litle.** It is simple chere as you say in dede,
It is to good foz him by the Masse,
Hate is good ynough foz hym theron to feede,
Oz foz any such foolishhe asse.

**Malicio
iudge.** Marke you not what in his grace he dyd say:
Thou hast set thy sonne anointed with the holy ghost
By these words euidently vnderstand we may,
That to be the son of God of him selfe he doth boast,

Simon. Wherof doe you.ii. talk what is the matter,
Is there any thing that doth grutch your consciences

**Malicio
iugemet** This is the truth of our talke yea I will not flatter,
Your gest said a word wherof I wold haue itelligēce
He thanked God at this tyme now appointed,
That on mens synnes he had pittie and compassion,

And



And hath sent his sonne with his spirite anointed,
Which for his sinne should make satisfaction.
Hath God into this world sent his owne sonne :
Or who is the sonne of God I wold be glad to know
Like as now he speaketh, so oft tymes he hath done,
The tyme and place I am able to shewe.

I pray you my guest his mynde do you satisfie, Symon.

It is said, that the sonne of God you do your self call.

I am come into this world the truth to testifie, Chzist.

Wherof the scripture and the Prophets do witness all

If I of my self should beare testimonie,

My witness of you should not be taken as true,

But there is an other that witnesseth of me verily.

And I know that his testimonie is true.

Of man truly no testimonie do I take :

But I speake these wordes that saued you myght be.

The sonne of God is sent hither for your sake,

Whom in the glozie of his maiestie you shall se.

The workes which to me the father doth geue,

That I may doe them, those workes to you I say,

Beare witness, if you haue the grace to beleue,

That the father hath sent me into the world this day.

Besides these workes, the father that hath me sent,

Hath by many scriptures of me testified :

By the whiche the matter is euident,

That my wordes spoken befoze are verified.

But the father you haue neuer heard speaking,

And what he is by faith you haue neuer sene :

His word you haue not in you remayning.

Therfoze to him whom he hath set faithful you haue

Serch y scriptures, for you thik in your mind (not be

That in them you shall obtaine life eternall,

H. I.

Them

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Them to beare witnesse of me you shall synde,
How I am the soune of the liuyng God immortall.

Simon. Wel sir, you are welcom, I would not haue you to thinke
That I did byd you hither to tempt or to proue,
But that I would haue you both to eate and drinke,
Euen as my entier friend, and for very loue.
Wherefore any thing that is here done or sayd,
Shalbe layd vnder foote, and go no further,
For surely if your wordes should be betrayd,
As a blasphemet the people would you murder,

Christ. You know that there is. xi. houres in the day
And night commeth not till the. xii. houres be expired
It is not in mans power my life to take away,
Till the houre commeth of my father required.

Inside.
Athe. Under the foote quod he: if I kepe counsell,
I would I were hanged vp by the very necke.
I feare on hym howe son traitour and very rebell,
Heare you not how god him self he beginneth to checke

Malicio
andge. Though maister Symon doth but few wordes say
Yet I warrant you he beareth this geare in mynde,
Doubt thou not but he will synde such way,
That he shal be ryd and as many as be of his kinde.

Simon. Go to I pray you, alacke you eate no meate:
You see that at this tyme we haue but plaine fare.

Christ. When we haue sufficient before vs to eate,
Let vs thanke God, and put away all care.

Mary
Magda-
len sadly
apparel-
led. The more that I accustom my self with repentance,
The more I see myne owne synne and iniquitie,
The more knowledge therof, the more grevance,
To a soule that is conuerted from hir impietie,
To all the worlde an example I may be,
In whom the mercy of Christ is declared,

O Lord





O Lord, what goodnesse dydst thou in me see:
 That thus mercifully thou hast me spared.
 What goodnesse: nay rather what a table of evils,
 Full of wickednesse, like one past all grace,
 Replenished with a multitude of deuils;
 Which as in hell in my soule had their place.
 These were the merites and dedes that I had,
 Onely thy vnspcakable mercy did me p̄uent:
 And though that my life hath bene so bad,
 Yet thou wilt no moze but that I should repent,
 O who shall geue me a fountayne of teares,
 That I may shed abundantly for my synne.
 This voice of the Lord alwaies soundeth in myn eares:
 Repent, repent; and thou shalt be sure heauen to wyne.
 He saith also, do the fructes of Repentance.
 O Lord, who is able those worthy fructes to do:
 I am not able to doe sufficient penance,
 Except thy grace good Lord, do helpe me thereto.
 But like as the parts of my body in tymes past,
 I haue made seruants to all kynd of iniquitie;
 The same iniquitie away for euer I do cast,
 And will make my body seruant to the veritie.
 This haire of my head which I haue abused,
 I repute vile and vnworthie to wipe my lordes fete;
 No obsequite therewith of me shalbe refused;
 To do my Lord Iesus seruite, as it is most mete.
 These fleshly eyes which with their wanton lookes,
 Many persons to synne and vice haue procured,
 They haue ben the diuels volumes and bookes,
 Which from the seruice of God haue other allured.
 Nowe you synfull eyes shed out teares and water,
 Wash the Lords fete with the who you haue offended.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

To shew such obsequie to hym it is a small matter,
 Which by his grace hath my synfull life amended.
 O wretched eyes can you wepe for a thing temporall,
 As for the losse of worldly goodes and parents,
 And can you not wepe for the lord celestiall
 Which losse incomparably passeth all detrimentes.
 With this oymntment most pure and pzeious,
 I was wont to make this carcas pleasant and swete
 Wherby it was made moze wicked and vicious,
 And to all unchastynesse very apt and mete.
 Now would I gladly this oymntment bestowe,
 About the innocent feete of my saviour,
 That by these penitent fructes my lord may know
 That I am right soze for my synfull behauour.
 All my worldly substance abused befoze,
 And thzough vnbelief of synne made instruments,
 Now will I bestow them onely to his honoz,
 In helping hym, and for his sake other innocents.
 I shall not ceasse to seeke till my lord I haue found,
 He is in the house of Symon I heard say,
 The house standeth on yonder same ground:
 It was told me that he dyneth there to day.
 I was not ashamed to synne befoze the Lordes sight
 And thal I be ashamed befoze mā the same to cōfesse
 To my Lord Iesus, now forth will I go right,
 Acknowledgng to him my penitent heart doubtlesse

Let Marie creepe vnder the table, abyding there a
 certayne space behynd, and doe as it is specified in
 the Gospell. Then Malicious Iudgement spea-
 keth these wordes to Infidelitie.

Malicio^s Lo syz, what a felow this is, it doth appere,
 ingemēt If he were suche a pꝛophet, as of him self he doth say,
 He



He would know what maner of woman this same is
A sinner she is, he can not say nay. (here,

A sinner quod he: yea she is a wicked sinner in dede *Intros-
lute.*

This is she, from whom he did me expell,
Behold, how boldly after hym she doth procede,
A harlot she is truly I may tell you in counsell.

Yea and yet to touche hym he doth her permit,
Which is agaynst the law for persons defiled,
Ought not among the iust to intromit,
But from their company should be exiled. *Palicio's
Iudge.*

I pray you see, how busy about hym she is,
She washeth his feet with teares of hir eyes,
Heigh, mary ponder is like to be nothyng amisse.
Behold, she anoynteth him to dꝛiue away flies. *Palicio's
Iudge.*

Crow you y maister Symon thinketh not somwhat
Yea I hold you a groate, though he say nothing.

He is not content I warant you that,
Which thyng you may see by his lookyng. *Palicio's
Iudge.*

Syzs, take away here, we will no more now,
This syzst: Are you in such things to be taught:
What meane you, wherabout do you looke, *Symon.*

I maruell wherabout you do occupy your thought.

Simon, the truth is so, I haue a thing in my mynd *Jesus
Christ.*
Which vnto you I must nedes expresse and say.

Maister, say what you will, wordes are but wynde, *Simon.*
I will heare you truely, as patiently as I may.

There were two debtors, whom I dyd well know, *Christ*
Whiche were in debt to a lender that was thysstie:

The one five hundred pence truely did owe,

And the other ought not aboue fiftie:

Neither of these debtors had toherwith to pay,

Wherfoze the lender forgaue both, as it dyd behone.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Nowe according to your iudgement I pray you say,
Which of these debtors ought the lender most lone :

Symon Mary, he to whom most was forgiven I suppose,
In few wordes truly you haue heard my sentence.

Christ. You haue rightly iudged, and to the purpose.
Absoluyng my question like a man of science,
See you this woman : I knowe that in your hertes
You condemne her as a synner very vnmete
To enter among you, and to touche any partes;
Of my body, yea either head or feete :

Saying among your selues, if this were a Prophet,
He would knowe what maner a woman this is.
Which thus commeth in while we be at meate,
A sinner she is, and hath done greatly amisse.
I say vnto you, that into this world I am come
To call suche great debtors vnto repentance,
The rust, which in their coeuits owe but a small summe
Haue no nede of their creditours deliuerance.

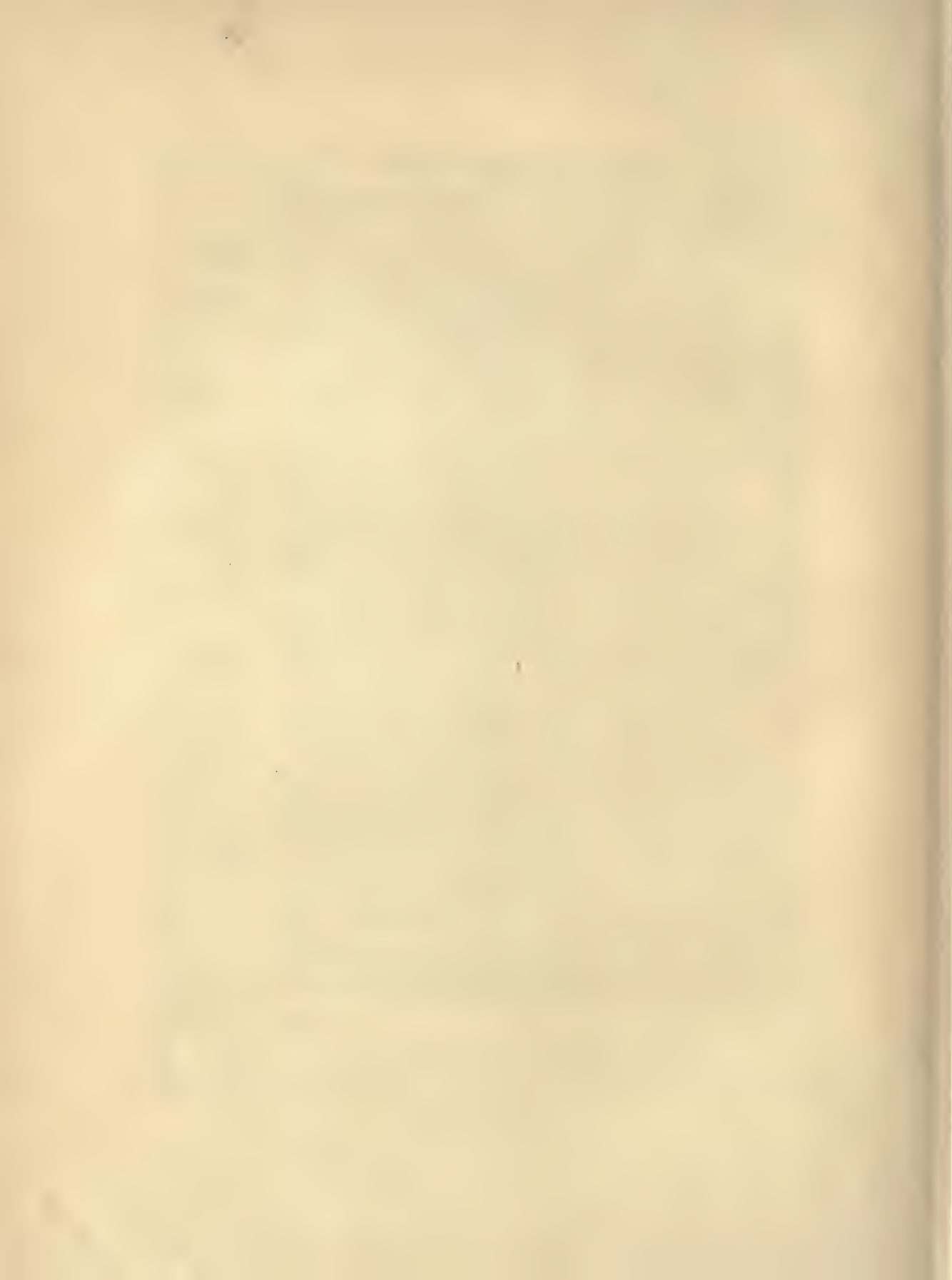
Infidel. What a thief is this : he iudgeth our masters thoght,
If we destroy hym not, he will surely marre all.

Malicio^s I euer sayd that he was worse than nought,
iudge. But among vs puruey for him we shall.

Symon. Sir, you take vpon you very presumptuously,
I haue bydden you vnto my house here of good will,
And you reason of matters here contemptuously :
But take your pleasure, it shall not greatly skill.

Christ. I say vnto you, that for this cause was I bozne,
To beare witness vnto the veritie,
I see who be hypocrites full of dissembling scozne,
And who be persons of faith and simplicitie.
Where as you thinke you haue done me pleasure,
In bidding me to eate and drinke with you here,

Your



of Mary Magdalene.

Your intent was to shew your richesse and treasure,
And that your holynesse might to me appeare.
But this woman hath shewed to me a little obsequie:
For these gestures whiche she sheweth to me,
Proceede from a true meanyng heart verily,
As by her humilite plainly you may see.
When I came into your house the truth to say,
You gaue me no water to washe my feete withall,
This woman hath washed them here this day,
With the teares of her eies which on them did fall,
With the haire of hir head she hath wiped the same,
Thinking all other clothes ther to ouer bile,
Horrible in hir sight is hir synne and blame,
Chynkyng hir self woorthy of eternall exile.
You gaue me no kisse as the maner of the countrey is
But this woman since the tyme that I came in,
Would not presume my head or mouth to kisse,
But my feete, lamenting in hir heart for hir syn.
My head you did not anoynt with oyle so swete,
As men of this countrey do their guesstes ble,
But with most precious balme she anointed my fete,
No cost about that oyntment she doth refuse.
Blessed are they, as the Prophete doth say,
Whose sinnes are forgiven & couered by Gods mercy,
Not by the dedes of the lawe as you thinke this day,
But of Gods good will, fauour and grace freely.
At this womans synne you do greatly grutch,
As though your selues were iust, holy, and pure,
But many sinnes are forgiven hir, bicause she loued
And of the mercy of God she is sure. (much)
He to whom but a little is remitted in dede,
Loueth but a little, we se by experience:

An Enterlude of the Repentance

All haue sinned, and of Gods glory haue nede.
 Therefore humble your selues with penitence.
 I say to thee woman, thy synnes are forgiven all,
 God for my sake will not them to thee impute:
 For strength to continue, to hym do thou call,
 And see that thanks thou do to hym attribute.

Mary. The mercy of God is aboue all his workes truly,
 What is it that God is not able to bring to passe:
 I thanke thee Lord Iesu for thy great mercy,
 Thou art the sonne of the liuyng God, our Messias.

Palacio iudge. How say you by this, here is a greater matter yet,
 He forgiueth synnes, as one with God equall.

Infide. And he may perceiue truly, that hath any wit,
 That he is but a man wretched and mortall.

Christ. Woman I say, thy faith hath saued thee go in peace:
 Now art thou pacified in thy conscience,
 Through thy faith, I doe all thy synnes releace,
 Assurynge thee to haue mercy for thy negligence.

Mary. O ioyfull tydynges, O message most comfortable,
 Let no sinner be he neuer in so great dispaire,
 Though he were synfull and abhominable,
 Let him come, and he will make hym faire.
 Blessed be the Lord of such compassion and pitie,
 Praise we his name with glorie and honoz,
 I shall declare his mercy in to tyme and cite.
 Thankes be to thee my Lord now and euermore.

Symon. I see the wordes whiche I haue heard, proued true,
 When say that you are new fangled, and frivolous,
 Goyng about the law and our rulers to subdue,
 Introducynge sectes perillous and sedicious.

Palacio iudge. I can no longer containe, but must say my mynde,
 In dede it is so, for by his diuelishe erudition,
 Which



of Mary Magdalene.

Which he soweth among the people of our kynde,
At length they will make a tumult and sedition.
Such blasphemy since the beginning was not heard,
That a man shal call him self Gods naturall sonne,
To condemne the law of God he is not afeard,
Despisyng all things that our fathers haue done.

Pleaseth it you reuerend father, to geue me licence Inside.
licie.
To say my mynde to this blasphemers and thiefe,
In fewe wordes you shall haue my sentence:
Of all heretikes I iudge hym to be the chiefe.

Perceiue you not how he doth begyn:
He cometh to none of the prynces and gouerners,
But a sort of synners he goeth about to wyn:
As publicans, whores, harlots, and vnjust occupiers.
Them he preferreth befoze such men as you be,
Saying, that they befoze you shall be saued.
An honest man in his company you shall not see,
But euen them, which haue them selues yll behaued.
Much good doe it you, here is cause for your meate.
Maister Simon, looke vpon this felow in season,
For in continuance he will worke such a feate,
That you shall not release with all your reason.

O Symon, put away that Malicious iudgement, Ch. 11.
Which in your heart you do stubboznlly contayne,
You shall not perceiue Gods commandement,
As long as he in your conscience doth remayne.

Lo sye now that God he hath blasphemed, Malicious
iugemēt
Now his law he doth contemne and despise,
The Justice therof of hym is nothyng esteemed,
To destroy the same vtterly he doth deuise.

Thinke you vs ignorant of gods law and will, Symon.
Which vpon our garments do them weare.

I. i.

Who

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Who but we doe the law of God fulfill,
For his precepts with vs in all places we beare.

Christ.

To fulfill the law requireth Gods spirite,
For the law is holy, iust, and spirituall,
Of loue to be obserued it is requisite,
And not of these obseruances externall.
As long as you haue this malicious iudgement,
Accompanied with Infidelitie,
I say you can not kepe Gods commaundement,
Though you shew an outboard sanctitie,

Infidelitie.

Lo spe here he calleth me Infidelitie,
And you know that I am called Legal Justification
You heare that it was spoken by Gods maiestie,
That a man shall liue by the lawes obseruation,
An honest guest, come out dogge, yea mary,
Good maners thus to taunt a man at his table:
But with fooles it is follie to vary,
His wordes be taken but as a tale or a fable.

Symon.

Away with this geare, how long shall we syt herer
At once: We haue somewhat els to do I thinke.

Christ.

Thankes be to thee O Father, for this chere,
Thankes be to thee for our repast of meate & drinke,
Now sit, you shall licence me to depart,
And the heauenly father might illumine your mynd
Expellyng this infidelitie from your hart,
Which with Malicious iudgemēt kepeth you blynd,

Symon.

Fare ye well: for me you shall no countes render,
All shall be layd vnder the feete that is here spoken.

Infide.

Though you forget it, yet we purpose to remember

Exit.

You know the way, go I pray you, the doore is open.

Malicio^s

For Gods sake spe, you and such as you be,

iudge.

Looke vpon this felow by myne aduise:

for



of Mary Magdalene.

For what he goth about all you may see,
Pea you haue had warnyng of hym thwice. or thryse.

All the multitude beginneth after him to ronne,
You see hym and know his doctrine and opinion,
If you suffer hym till moze people he hath wonne,
Strangers shall come and take our dominion,
Haue you not heard his open blasphemie:
The sonne of God he presumeth him self to name,
The Iustice of the lawe he condemneth vtterly,
To suffer him to lyue will turne to your shame.

Inside:
licie.

It shall behoue you to dog him from place to place, Symon.
Note whether openly he teache suche doctrine:
If he doe, accuse hym befoze his face,
For I will cause the byshops hym to examine.

And where as he willethe you vs to expell,
Callyng vs wicked nicknames at his pleasure,
He goeth about to make you to rebell
Against God & his lawes, as he doth without mesure

Inside:
licie.

For my part I wil watche hym so narrowly,
That a word shall not scape me that doth sounde
Agaynst you the fathers, that liue so holply,
But to accuse hym for it a way shalbe found.

Malicio
iugemēt

Well the tyme of our euenyng seruice is at hand,
We must depart, the sacrifice to prepare,

Symon.

If you depart, we may not here ydle stande,
For to wayte vpon you at all tymes ready we are.

Insideli.
Excut.

At my beyng here euen now of late,
It pleased my Lord Iesus of his great mercy
To speake sentences here in my presence,
Of the which I haue no perfect intelligence,
The fyrst is: Many synnes are forgiven hit sayd he,
Because the hath loued much, meanyng me,

Mary:
entreteth
with Iu
stificatio

I.ii.

I pray

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Justifica
tion.

I pray you most holy Justification,
Of this sentence to make a declaration.

A question right necessary to be moued,
For therby many errozs shall be reproued,
It were a great errour for any man to beleue
That your loue dyd deserue that Christ shold forgeue
Your synnes or trespasses, or any synne at all:
For so to beleue is an errour sanaticall.
And hobo can your loue desyre forgiuenesse of your yl
Seing that the law it is not able to fulfill:

The law thus commaundeth as touchyng loue:
Thou shalt loue thy Lord God as it doth behoue,
With al thy hert, with al thy soule, & w al thy strēgth,
And thy neighboz as thy self. He saith also at length:
There was neuer man bozne yet that was able,
To performe these pzeceptes iust, holy, and stable,
Srue onely Iesus Christ, that lambe most innocent
Which fulfilleth the law for suche as are penitent:
But loue foloweth forgiuenesse of synnes evermoze,
As a fruct of faith, and goth not befoze,
In that parable which vnto you he recited,
Wherin he declared your sinnes to be acquitted,
He called you a detter not able to pay.

Then your loue paid not your detts perceiue you may
The forgiuenesse of your sinnes you must referre,
Only to Christes grace, then you shall not erre.
Of this thing playn knowledg you may haue
In these woordes go in peace thy fayth doth thee saue.
So by faith in Christ you haue Justification
Frely of his grace, and beyond mang operation,
The which Justification here I do represent,
Which remayn with all suche as be penitent,

Here





Here commeth loue a speciall fruite of Faith,
As touchyng this, heare mekely what he saith.

O how much am I vnto Iesus Christ bound,
In whom so great mercy & goodnesse I haue found:
Not onely my synfull lyfe he hath renued,
But also with many graces he hath me endued,

Mary

I am named loue, from true faith procedyng,
Where I am, there is no vertue nedyng,
Loue commyng of a conscience immaculate,
And of a faith not fained nor simulate,

Loue en
treth.

Is the end of the law as Scripture doth say,
And vnto eternall felicitie the very path way:

This loue grounded in faith, as it is sayd,
Hath caused many engls in men to be layd.

For where as the loue of God in any is perfite,
There in all good woorkes is his whole delite.

This true loue with Mary was present verily,
When to Christ she shewed that obsequie,

But this loue dyd procede from belene,
When Christ of his mercy dyd hir sinnes forgeue,
Loue deserued not forgeuenesse of sinnes in dede,
But as a fruite therof treuely it did succede.

Of this matter we might tary very long,
But then we should do our audience wong,
Which gently hath heard vs here a long space,
Wherefore we will make an end now by Gods grace,
Praying God that all we example may take
Of Mary, our synfull lyues to forlake:

Iustifica
tion.

And no more to looke backe, but to go forward still
Folowyng Christ as she did and his holy will.

Such persons we introduce into presence,
To declare the conuersion of hir offence,

Loue.

An Enterlude or the Repentance

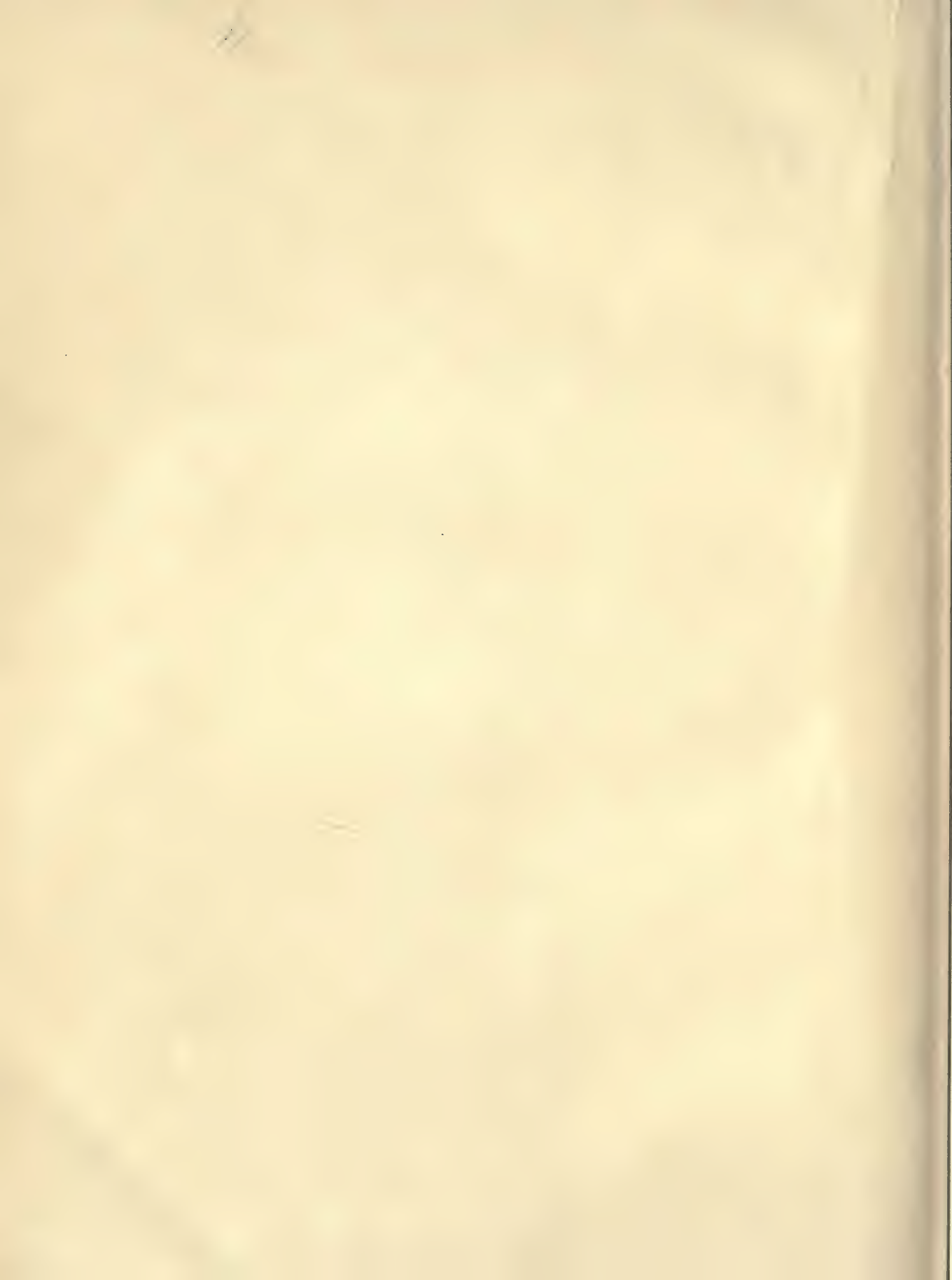
First, the lawe made a playne Declaration,
That she was a chylde of eternall damnation:
By hearyng of the law came knobledge of synne,
Then for to lament truely she dyd begynne.
Nothyng but desperation dyd in hir remaine,
Lokying for none other comfort but for hell payne,
But Chyist whose nature is mercy to haue,
Came into this woold synners to saue,
Which preached repentance synnes to forgeue,
To as many as in hym faithfully dyd beleue.
By the woold came faith, faith brought penitence,
But bothe the gyft of Gods magnificence.
Thus by faith onely, Marie was iustified,
Like as befoze it is playnly verified,
From thens came loue, as a testification
Of Gods mercy and her iustification.

Mary. Now God graunt that we may go the same way,
That with ioy we may ryse at the last day,
To the saluation of soule and body euermore,
Through Chyist our Lord, to whom be all honoz.



FINIS.





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